

*Kunz Family European Tour*

*Kunz Family*

1978

*European Tour*



THE KUNZ FAMILY TOUR  
OF  
SWITZERLAND

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"AS WE CONTEMPLATED THIS EVENT AND  
THE IMPACT IT HAS HAD IN OUR LIVES AND  
THE LIVES OF OUR CHILDREN AND GRAND-  
CHILDREN AND FOR THE GENERATIONS YET  
TO BE BORN, WE SHED TEARS OF JOY, FOR  
WE COULD SEE THE DIFFERENCE WHEN ONE  
BROTHER SAID 'YES' AND THE OTHER SAID  
'No.'"

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A JOURNAL, RECORDED BY  
JUNE BATEMAN BLACK

KUNZ FAMILY EUROPEAN TOUR

SEPTEMBER 20, 1978 - OCTOBER 5, 1978



Lester and Rilma Alleman  
LeGrand and June Black  
Walter and Kate Buhler  
Jessie and Ruth Dansie  
Verda Eschler  
Fern Galloway  
Thelma Gibbs  
LaVaun Hansen  
Lillian Hopper  
Carol Howell  
Naomi Hunsaker  
Eva Johnson  
Donna Kennett

Joni Kennett  
Chris and Brenda Kunz  
Dan and Ellen Kunz  
Denzil and Verda Kunz  
George Kunz  
Hilda Kunz  
Karen Kunz  
Neil and Lana Kunz  
Willard and Lorena Kunz  
Theda Leak  
Cecilia Rutter  
Edith Shepherd  
LaRue Spencer

I acknowledge the interest and encouragement I have received from my dear family, relatives and friends, and express my gratitude to those who have contributed so graciously.

It is my desire that in some small measure the record of the events of this tour will reawaken memories of the joy and pleasure we shared in Switzerland, the Homeland of our Ancestors.

Dedicated to the Memory of my Mother, Sophie Kunz Bateman, who loved her family.

June Bateman Black

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June Bateman Black Passed away September 25, 2003 at her home in Murray, Utah. She was born in Bern, Idaho on June 2, 1916 to Alberto Wilbur (Bert) Bateman and Sophie Olive Kunz. She married LeGrand Black in the LDS Salt Lake Temple, March 28, 1935. She was preceded in death by her parents, husband and sister Janyce Fox. Survived by JoAnn Price (Murray), Roger (Sondra) Black (Idaho Falls), Alan (Ileen) Black (Murray), Bruce (Penny) Black (Kearns) and siblings Ruth Beck, Loa Uremovich, Duane (Joan) Bateman, Dawn (Earl) Brown, Joyce (Robert) Burkinshaw, 15 grandchildren 25 great-grand children. She lived an exemplary life of love, service and devotion to her family church and community. She served as Ward and Stake Relief Society president, Young Women's president, ordinance work at the Jordan River Temple and served with her husband in the Winnipeg Ontario Mission. She was an excellent homemaker, cook, seamstress, genealogist and family historian. She is beloved by her family and they will always remember her kind, gentle, nurturing ways and her faith and testimony of the Savior. The family expresses deep love and appreciation to JoAnn Price as principal caregiver, CareSource (Hospice services) and Dr. Edward Wync. Funeral services will be held Monday Sept. 29, 2003 at 12 noon at the LDS Belview Ward Chapel, 300 East 6300 South. A viewing will be held at Jenkins-Soffe Mortuary at 4760 South State Street in Murray on Sunday Sept. 28, 2003 from 5-7 p.m. and at the church one hour prior to the funeral services. Interment will be at the Murray City Cemetery, 5600 South Vine Street.

Wednesday - September 20, 1978

It was an exciting morning. Thirty-five Kunz relatives met at the Salt Lake Airport at 9:30 a.m. There were warm, friendly greetings, baggage to be checked and last minute good-byes to family and friends. At 10:00 a.m. we boarded the United Airlines 768 plane and flew South over Murray, Utah. We enjoyed a birdseye view of familiar landmarks, Brighton Ski Resort and the snow-packed Uinta Mountains, sparkling in the sunshine. Soon we were flying over the Wyoming Badlands and gazing at the checkerboard farms of Nebraska. Fifty miles past Milwaukee, Wisconsin, we fastened our seat belts and flew through a thunder storm. The fog was dense and the air was turbulent, with lightning streaking through the sky. The flight attendants were friendly and we felt relaxed and comfortable. The storm was soon behind us and we were enjoying a delicious Swiss steak dinner.

Uncle George Kunz, the youngest son of our common ancestor, John Kunz, III, had a birthday today. The flight attendants heard about it and surprised him with a birthday cake and a bottle of champagne. Everyone joined in singing "Happy Birthday."

At 1:30 p.m. we were flying over the green carpet of New Jersey. It was a comfortable 72 degrees. In 15 minutes we fastened our seat belts and prepared to land at the Kennedy International Airport in New York. It was a magnificent sight, flying low over the Atlantic Ocean, catching a glimpse of the large ships in the harbor, the tiny cars on the freeways sparkling like jewels in the sun, the rows of colorful rooftops of dwarfed homes and the towering skyscrapers in the gigantic city of New York. We landed at the famous airport at 4:00 p.m. Eastern Standard time, gaining two hours. We alked quickly through the airport to an awaiting bus and rode to the Swiss Air Terminal.

Kalevi Rasi-Koskinen, a relative and employee of Murdock Travel Agency, was waiting to greet us and give us further direction.



This was a new experience for some of us. Swiss Air Personnel checked our passports. It was announced there would be a two-hour wait. At 6:30 p.m. we boarded the big 747 Swiss Airplane. We found our seats and were settling down for the takeoff, when it was announced there would be another two-hour delay because of technical difficulties. The flight attendants served refreshments. We listened to Swiss music on the intercom and tried to relax. At 8:05 p.m., the plane taxied down the runway. At 8:20 p.m., it lifted and by 8:30 p.m., we were flying over Nova Scotia. After dinner was served, the movie started. The plane lights were dimmed after the movie and the voice over the loudspeaker informed us we were flying 30,000 feet above the Atlantic Ocean. Some of our group went to sleep, others visited through the short night.

Thursday - September 21, 1978

The plane lights turned up at 6:50 a.m. Swiss time. Before we could fold our blankets and refresh ourselves with steaming hot towels, we were flying over the hedge-lined farms of France. It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining as the plane landed at the Geneva Airport. We walked out on the landing and enjoyed the refreshing scenery of Geneva as we waited for a forty-five minute delay to pass. The plane lifted at 9:15 a.m. As it soared above the clouds to sixteen thousand feet, we could see the city of Berne and the beautiful surrounding mountain peaks.

We arrived at the Zurich Airport at 9:40 a.m. Our flight was 58 minutes late. Walter Wicke, the Swiss travel agent, and our relative, Paul Nielson and his family were there to greet us. We were excited and happy as we got on the bus that had been arranged special for us. Kalevi bid us goodbye, and went to Finland to visit his mother who was very ill.

Zurich has a population of 700,000 people. The Royce River flows through the city. It is second only to New York as the financial capitol of the world. At 10:45 a.m. the luggage had been loaded on the bus and we were on our way to the village of Rorbas, birthplace of Anna Landert (1843). We walked up the hill to the village church where Anna and her father, Hans Jacob Landert (1808), and many generations of the Landert family were christened, married and buried. We took pictures of the clean, white church and the flower-covered graves in the cemetery outside the church. We walked down the quiet road past the village hall back to the waiting bus. We noticed that the architecture of the homes in Rorbas differed from the homes in Zurich.

When a citizen of Switzerland is born in a certain village and canton, it becomes that person's "community of origin." Before too long, we entered "Schmid country", Berg am Irchel. Paul Neilson said, "This village never changes. It has been the same for hundreds of years." We drank from the village fountain and

walked past the Swiss Chalet cottages, with beautiful big geranium blossoms growing in window boxes. Here livestock and family live under one roof. The atmosphere was friendly and peaceful. Two of our dear grandmothers grew up here, Anna and Mary Schmid and their brother, Robert. They were baptized (sprinkled) at the alter of this modest Swiss Reformed church built in 1654. The inscription on the alter read, "Let the little ones come unto me and forbid them not, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven." This was a special occasion and touched our hearts deeply as we recalled memories of these kind, gentle people we love so much. It was as though we were standing on hallowed ground. The cemetery in the church yard was well taken care of with colorful flowers growing on top of the graves. The headstones were engraved with familiar names.

In Switzerland, all business places close at noon. The main meal is served at this time of the day. It was nearing noon and we had to purchase food for our lunch. We hurried to the nearby store and had an interesting experience trying to purchase food in English. It was good to have an interpreter, as not too many of us could speak the Swiss language. A kind lady living next to the store offered the use of her W C (water closet). No other public facilities were available. We ate our lunch on the bus, as it is considered rude to eat food while walking in public. As we left Berg am Irchel, two friendly ladies waved goodbye to us, confirming our feelings about this being a friendly village.

After traveling through more scenic country, we arrived at Luzern and stopped for a short rest. It was a picturesque drive along the Zurichsee. We noticed camouflaged Civil Defense Centers built in the side of the mountains, large enough to accommodate 25,000 people with a hospital, swimming pool, food for three months or more and other supplies stored for a national emergency. The Swiss go to any cost and all ends to preserve their freedom and heritage. Landslides are a problem

here because of the heavy rainfall. Rock abutments are built in strategic places along the road for avalanche protection.

Fall is the season the Swiss take time off to enjoy the beauties of their own country. Wind Surfing on the lakes is a fashionable sport here. Skiing in Bernese Alps, golfing on the many courses, wrestling, mountain climbing, fishing and chamois hunting are also popular sports.

Altitudes range from 633 feet to 15,203 feet above sea level. From this height, France, Italy, West Germany, Austria, and tiny Liechtenstein can be seen. We learned today that the Swiss Alps are the meadows on top of the mountains where the Swiss take their cows to graze each spring and some make cheese in the mountain dairies. Not one inch of ground is wasted in Switzerland.

As we traveled along Sarnersee, we could see men raking and stacking hay by hand. The grass is cut five or six times a year. The climb to the summit of Brunig Pass with its snow-covered glaciers that have existed for thousands of years was a spectacular and beautiful sight. The altitude is 3,000 feet, and it snows 10 to 12 feet high in the winter.

At 4:10 p.m., we stopped at Housen bei Meiringen and saw the Linder home, birthplace of Magdalena Linder, third wife of John Kunz III. In the years 1884 to 1886, he served a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Switzerland. He and his companion, Elder Schoenfeld, walked long distances to visit this home. He later married Magdalena Linder, the mother of Eliza Rosetta Kunz, who was the wife of Jesse Dredge.

Our next stop was the beautiful village of Brienz, situated on the shore of the Brienersee. This village has a wide reputation for the craft of wood carving and this craft is taught in the local schools. We watched two artists at work making violins and saw many beautiful hand carved items on display. It was a good place to buy souvenirs. Before we left Brienz, we shopped at a grocery store for our evening meal. Hotels marked "Garni" have no restaurants and provide only bed and breakfast.

We arrived at Interlaken's "Chalet Swiss" about 7:00 p.m., happy over the day's events, ready for some food and a good night's rest. Interlaken lies between two lakes, the Lake of Thun and the Lake of Brienz--a suitable starting place for excursions to various valleys of the Bernese Oberland.

Friday - September 22, 1978

We awakened to a beautiful day, ready to begin the day's activities. The Continental breakfast served at the Chalet Swiss consisted of a variety of delicious breads and rolls, butter and cheese that only the Swiss can make, jams and jellies and hot chocolate and orange juice. The sun was shining as we walked out to the bus to join Paul, Margaret and the children, Paul Jr., Johnny, David, and Mark. We met Anna Boss Hart, another relative, who will be with us on the tour. She has been a member of the General Board Relief Society for twenty 29 years, has served two previous missions and is now serving a temple mission in the Swiss Temple. It is a pleasure to have her with us. The Temple is closed for a three week vacation.

Before we left Interlaken for the day, the Motor Coach stopped at the bank. We exchanged our traveler's checks for Swiss centimes and francs. Today's rate of exchange has dropped to F 1.46 for one dollar U.S. money.

We traveled along the Thunersee shore line and saw the Spiez Castle and a classic view of the Bernese Alps. There are gypsum mines in this area and vineyards. Wimmes is the county seat of the Lord Balif and the home of the Wimmes District Governor. We stopped at the Lower Village Swiss Reformed Church. There we saw the Kunz and Schmid family crests (coat of arms) along with other family crests in the stained glass windows. The Reformation took place in 1878 and the crests were placed in the Church in 1824. The Kunz family were peasant farmers. A coat of arms is not inherited. It is gradually developed for hundreds of years before it is recognized as a family crest. Only royalty have registered coat of arms. "The Kunz family, natives of this Parish have lived here many hundreds of years, yes many thousands." Their family crest is not registered. We will see it on the card file when we visit the State Archives next Thursday. This church has Fresco paintings that were

painted in the Fourteenth Century. Rosina Knutti was baptized in this Wimmes church. Christian Kunz and his three daughters lived in this district among other relatives.

As we traveled through this scenic area, we crossed the Simme River and up the Simmental Canyon, the home of the famous Simmental Cattle. Some of our Kunz relatives took Simmental Cattle to the estate of the Russian Tzar, Alexander Nicholas II in 1880. The Russian paper headlines were: "Simmentals Instead of Cannons." The Simmental Cattle have been exported to Canada, South Africa, all over Europe and the United States, as well as Russia.

As we traveled up the canyon, we saw metal bands fastened to trees. We were told that deer and other animals seeing the reflection of lights on these bands, keep off the road after dark.

The bright red geraniums, hugh stacks of wood piled neatly by each home, the home and barn under one roof, the carpet of green grass, the manicured forests and the blue sky with soft white drifting clouds will remain a lasting memory of peace and beauty. It made us wonder how our ancestors had the courage to leave their beautiful homeland forever and no regrets or complaints. They left all this beauty for something more beautiful and lasting -- the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Out next stop was Zwischenfluh, Kunz country and the home of Magdeline Wiedmer. Each had a choice experience of walking up a narrow stairway into a room with lace curtains on the windows and fresh flowers on the table to meet "Aunt Maede", a dear white-haired grandmother with a kind face and sparkling eyes. She reminded us of our own sweet grandmothers. We shook hands with her. It seemed as though we had known her all our lives. As we left on the bus, she stood at the window and waved goodbye.

The two-room village school was a short distance from Aunt Maede's. The children were playing a game in the school

yard, we went inside to talk to the teachers. There were twenty-four students attending school. We met a pleasant and friendly young lady, Christina Von Siebental, who teaches grades one to four. A young man teaches grades five to nine in the other room. It was interesting to hear that the children have three different pairs of shoes they wear at different times during the school day according to the events they participate in.

The village cemetery was located back of the school. Colorful flowers (growing) decorated each grave. Kunz family names were engraved on the headstones. Our ancestor Johannes Kunz was laid to rest here, February 17, 1881. He was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We were told the story of his conversion. His daughter, Rosina, was very ill, and the doctors said the ailment was incurable. He had heard about the Mormon faith healers and took Rosina to Berne to find them. He met Ulrich Beuhler, who was the first convert to the church in Switzerland. They were taught the Gospel. Both father and daughter recognized the "truth of the Gospel" and were baptized members of the church. They were baptized on 22 June 1862. His wife, Rosina Katharina Klossner, was baptized six years later, 15 November 1868.

When Johannes died, his great grandson, William John Kunz, was five years old. He was the oldest child of John Kunz III. The village officials placed him on his great grandfather's casket as the funeral procession proceeded to walk the three miles down the canyon to the cemetery for burial in Zwischenfluh village cemetery. William John sat with these same dignitaries who drank a toast to him prior to the funeral. John Kunz II, eldest son of Johannes Kunz, was living in America at the time of his father's death and his son, John Kunz III, was on border duty for his country at the time.

It was at the cemetery at Zwischenfluh we heard a spiritual experience related to us by Paul Nielson: "Jacob Kunz (1774) and his wife, Margaretha Klossner, had discussed the importance of



religion and had a strong desire to know how important it was. They made a pact with each other. The first to die would come back and tell the other if religion was all that important. Jacob died first and Margaretha waited and longed to hear from Jacob. Many years passed and one day Margaretha called out and asked him why he hadn't kept his promise. He made it known to her that now she had asked he could tell her that religion was of great importance and would be of great worth and a blessing to their family in the future."

We recognized many familiar names on the headstones in the cemetery: Kunz, Klossner, Wiedmer, Stucki, Meir, Wampfler, Agenstein, Knutti, Hiltbrand, Mani, Minnig, etc.

Back on the bus, we traveled three miles up the canyon to visit some ancestral homes. The first home we visited was at Untere Blatten/Maeniggrund, home of Anna Mani, a foster daughter of Ida Boss Kunz. She invited us to come in and look through the three-hundred-year-old home. We saw the kitchen with its ancient fireplace. In another room, we saw a picture of Agnes, Lucy, Hazel and Parley -- children of John Kunz III and Elizabeth Boss -- hanging on the wall and had been hanging there a long time. Rose K. Eschler was born in this house to parents, John III and Magdalena S. Kunz; William J., their oldest son, lived here also.

Faerich/Maeniggrund was the second home visited. Here we met Uncle Christian Wiedmer who lives alone. We were surprised to see how much he looked like Grandfather William John Kunz. Uncle Christian's mother was a sister also of John II. His home was clean and orderly. We had a pleasant visit with him. We took pictures of him and tears were shed as we said goodbye. Both Johannes (John I) and his son, John II were born in this home.

The third home visited was the Schwand/Maeniggrund. We met Fritz and Hanny Beetchen. She is a great granddaughter of Johannes Kunz. They have a daughter, Vreni. This was the first

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time for many years that our branch of the family had been invited to this home. The Schwand was the home of Johannes Kunz. The story was told how his son, John II, along with other young men in the village, decided to give the Mormon missionaries visiting his father's home, a bad time. It was then that Johannes went to the door of this home and told his son, John, to go about his own business and leave the missionaries alone. Perhaps this was done in stronger language.

Later, John II was taught the Gospel by Willard B. Richards, a friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

It was related that Aunt Rosy Morrell and Magdalena Straubhaar were good friends when John III and Magdalena lived in the Untere/Blatten home. Magdalena became interested in the Church. She urged her husband to go with her to his grandfather's home and meet the missionaries. After much persuasion, he said he would go, but for one reason only, "to smoke the missionaries out". He was smoking a pipe at the time. As we crowded in the small room of his humble home, the sun shining through the clean white curtains, we felt the spirit touch our hearts as Paul Nielson told us that in this very room the great missionary, Carl G. Maeser, who had put forth the effort to walk three miles up the canyon to this home to teach our great grandfather the Gospel-- the true and restored Gospel of Jesus Christ -- John III received a witness of the truth and was converted. He and his wife, Magdalena, were baptized on November 5, 1868. As we contemplated this event and the impact it has had on our lives and the lives of our children, grand and great-grand children, and for the generations yet to be born, we shed tears of joy for we could see the difference when one brother said, "yes", and the other said, "no." John III worked hard to prove to his father, not yet a member, that the Gospel was true. He cut a double load of wood that winter for his father. The Beetchens served a delicious apple juice drink to us. We were impressed by their hospitality and expressed our thanks as we said goodbye to them, leaving the

Schwand/Maeniggrund, the home of our ancestors.

We walked across the road and through a meadow of tall grass and wild flowers. The Simmental cows with big bells around their necks were peacefully grazing. It was so peaceful and quiet, except for the tinkling of the bells. We walked over to the old dairy, drinking in the beauty around us. John III wrote in his journal that he had hunted chamois and William John has written that as a small boy he had herded goats in the mountains above us. The "Dairy" was built in 1841. It looked familiar to those of us who had lived or visited the Dairies in Idaho. The big cheese kettle that could be moved back and forth over an open fire, the cheese presses, the old milking buckets and stools brought back memories. Initials had been carved on the door of the "drying room" where the cheese aged on the shelves. The men would bring the cows down from the higher alps for three weeks in the summer to milk and make cheese. In the dairy, the men played cards and drank Italian wine and made lots of cheese. The real alps are found in Schwischenfluh.

As we rode the bus down the mountain, we saw the destruction caused by a five foot wall of water that came down the canyon on the seventh day of the seventh month in 1977. There was reconstruction work going on. We passed the cemetery and the little school house and Aunt Maede's home on our way to Schwendon, the home of Rosina Knutti, wife of John II. It was also the home of Uncle Christian, father of Seymor and Frank Kunz.

It was past lunch time, 2:35 p.m. We stopped at a cafe for a sandwich and a drink. It took some time to make all those sandwiches. The waitress's name was Mani. We got back to the bus at 3:45 p.m. As we drove past the Simmental Hospital, we were told that the "Kunz people all go there to die." The church in Diemtigen has over 450 years of Kunz history. John III and Magdalena Straubhaar were married here. John II and Rosina Knutti were both baptized (sprinkled) here and little Jacob and Matilda, babies of John III and Magdalena, were buried in the Diemtigen cemetery.

Every church had it's consistory court. They met every week and were called the village "Pious Ones", most always not loved. People were punished when they broke the rules. In the 1600's, members of the court spied on anyone who danced. There was no free agency. People were compelled to attend church or pay the consequences. The courts were dissolved in the Eighteen Hundreds. The village of Lauterbach is the ancestral home of the Minnig family. In Switzerland, the wife's maiden name is attached to the husband's name. Example: Arnold Kunz-Ritter. A man serves in the Swiss military until he is fifty years old. Gasoline is F 2.25 per gallon in Switzerland at this time.

We were tired and happy as we returned to the Chalet Swiss. It is a quiet and comfortable place, a home away from home.

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Saturday - September 23, 1978

We awoke each morning to another beautiful and exciting day. Tonight was the big reunion. After breakfast, the motor coach was always there with Paul, Margaret, the boys and Sister Hart to greet us as we traveled to the many points of interest. Paul graciously answered all our questions and told us all the interesting facts about Switzerland and helped us keep our genealogy straight. Hans Steiger was driving the motor coach this day. Paul passed the little brown bag down the isle and collected F 7.50 per person for the reunion dinner that night.

As we drove through the village of Wimmes, the home of our friends, Oscar and Lydia Raeber, we were told that between 15 and 26 thousand geraniums are sold in the Bernese Geranium Market during each Swiss holiday. We were also told that the knobs on the roof tops were there to melt the snow in the winter. We arrived at the Kirche Erlanbach in Simmental. It took fifteen minutes to walk to the church and climb fifty steps. Prior to 1528, it was a Catholic church. The Kunz people of Erlanbach have deep roots in this church. Beet Kunz (male form of "Beatrice") and Froneg (Veronika) Hiltbrand, our first recorded ancestors, were married about 1575. It is the first existing record in this area. It is possible they were christened in the Catholic church before the Reformation.

Peter Kunz, our relative, was the first Bernese Priest reformer to go back to the original Church of Christ. After the Reformation, the local Priests wanted to destroy all the statues and paintings left in the churches. Peter Kunz couldn't take time for that. He had the whole church whitewashed, making it possible for others, at a much later date, to restore the priceless fresco paintings in the church. An instrument like a dental tool was used to remove the whitewash and restore the fresco paintings. Peter Kunz was a contemporary of Zwingli, the Swiss Reformer, and Martin Luther, the German Reformer. On February 11, 1544, Peter Kunz became the Priest of the Bernese church and

served during the war years between the Catholics and the Reformed church. At this time, the Priest presided in the Senate at Berne. There is a plaque dedicated to Peter Kunz outside the entrance of the Erlanbach Church. It reads:

"PETER KUNZ VON ERLANBACK REFORMATOR  
DES SIEBENTHALS GEBORNAN DER BAUERT."

Reverend Kanell is the Priest of Erlanback at the present time. Priests in the early days were as school teachers. The Fresco paintings on the walls of the church were the picture stories of the Bible, used to educate the many peasants who could neither read nor write. It has been described as the poor man's Bible, depicting the Old and the New Testament in pictures. These pictures were works of art:

The Creation; Adam and Eve Created; the Temptation Scene; Casting Out of the Garden; Adam Working By the Sweat of His Brow; The First Murder; God Asking Cain, "What Hast Thou Done With Thy Brother?"; John the Baptist; Elizabeth and Mary, the Mother of Jesus; The Nativity Scene; Shepherd Scene; Wisemen Scene; Circumcision at the Temple; The Devil Tempting Christ; Death of Christ; The Tomb; The Resurrection; The Tree of Good and Evil; and Christ Releasing the Spirits in Prison;

the last being an important teaching in the original church, as it is in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Restored Church today. The original teachings of Christ did survive, even though it is being misrepresented by some as a myth. Dr. Ellis Rasmussen, Professor of Church History at Brigham Young University, along with Paul Nielson, agree on the correct interpretation of this picture. I am sure they were inspired to recognize the truth. In the back of the room where the sinners are seated, are paintings that depict the Final Judgment, the sword of truth and justice, the devil and sinners burning in Hell, people impaled on the thorns of Hell. In the front of the church where the Holy rites are performed, are paintings of the five wise virgins facing the altar, and the five foolish virgins turned away from the altar. On the ceiling are the paintings of the Apostles Matthew, Mark, Luke and John

in the form of beasts. The Ten Commandments in native tongue was printed on the wall. Not everything is done in Latin. The pipe organ was installed in 1812. This has been an experience we don't want to forget.

A Fresco is a wall painting in a medium-like water color on wet plaster. True Fresco practiced in Italy from the Thirteenth Century and perfected in the Sixteenth Century is one of the most permanent forms of wall decoration known. The wall is first rough plastered and then a coat known as arricciato is applied. On this, the cartoon is traced so the whole composition is transferred to the wall, then an area sufficient for one day's work is covered with the final layer of plaster intonaco. The cartoon is redrawn. The damp plaster is then painted with plain water or lime water, allowance being made for the fact that the colors dry much lighter. Because the plaster is still damp, a chemical reaction takes place and the colors become integrated with the wall itself, so that scaling cannot occur. Several assistants can work simultaneously on different parts of the wall, provided all the work starts from the top downward, so the splashes fall on the unpainted parts. At the end of the day, all the intonaco is cut away to be relaid the next day, so that the working surface is always damp. Careful examination of the Fresco reveals the joints of the plaster and from these the number of days can be estimated that it has taken to paint the whole Fresco. Climatic conditions have to be favorable for successful Fresco painting. I add this information in case you would like to try it.

We left Erlanbach and drove through the village of Daerstetten where Elizabeth Weibel was born. She raised Agnes and Lucy, Hazel and Parley, after the death of their Mother. She later married Robert Kunz. John III stayed at an Inn here while on his mission. As we continued on, we traveled across a unique covered bridge made of wood, up the beautiful Simmental Canyon, where more Kunz relatives live. On the way to Boltigen, we

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approached another ancient bridge that wasn't too sturdy. We left the motor coach and walked across -- the motor coach followed behind us.

The village of Boltigen is the original home of the Eschler family. The Church burned down a hundred years ago, destroying all the records. This is the church where Grandma Eschler, Gottfried, Carrie and all the Eschlers were christened and married. All that was left of the Eschler home was a few boards attached to a dilapidated barn. There were several cows with hugh bells around their necks grazing in the meadow. We were impressed with the surrounding beauty of this area and the special love we have for the Eschler family. We took pictures of the Eschler descendants as they gathered souvenirs of moss-covered rocks and wood. Then, we traveled back over the ancient bridge -- cautiously. Our next stop was the village of Zweisimmen where we enjoyed our lunch sitting on a bench in the Village Square. It was a warm and pleasant fall day. The bees were buzzing around and one stung LeGrand. As we walked through the Village, a man came out of the bank and played an Alp Horn. It was a beautiful, but mournful sound. This was the first time we heard the Alp Horn played in Switzerland. We saw beautiful silhouettes framed for sale. We shopped for souvenirs, walked past the homes, with flowers and vegetable gardens in the front yards, to the village train station, watched the passengers get off the train and the train switch tracks preparing for another run. As we walked back through the shopping area, a man came out of the bank and played a mournful tune on the Alp Horn. An interested crowd soon gathered. It must take strong lungs for anyone to play this native instrument. The musician returned to the bank for a short rest and came back, to the delight of the crowd and played again. Returning to the bus, we continued our travels to the Blankenburg Castle. We walked up the steps to the courtyard. The Lord Bailliff of Blankenburg was Johannes Ross in 1452 to 1455. He and his wife, Christine Hetzel Von Lindenach, were the parents



of two sons and one daughter: Peterman Ross (1485), Ludwig Ross, Provost of Interlaken Monastery, and Benedikta Ross, who married Peter im Obersteg, who was an ancestor of John Kunz III through his mother, Rosina Knutti.

Back in the motor coach, we traveled along the Ober Simmental mountains to the village of St. Stephens and on to the city of Lenk, close to the Italian border. Lenk is the Buehler family's place of origin. Ulrich Buehler owned a Tobacco Shop in Lenk at one time. He was the first to join the church in Switzerland. He baptised our ancestor, Johannes Kunz. Christian Kunz married Elizabeth Buehler (Christian is the son of John Kunz II). Lenk is a beautiful valley at the foot of majestic mountains. We had one hour and forty-five minutes to enjoy the scenic City of Lenk. Walter and Kate Buhler went with Paul Nielson to check on genealogy. There are at least twelve thousand people living here. Homes are built high in the alps of these mountain peaks. We saw numerous people with hiking boots, lederhosen, and packs on their backs climbing the mountains, a popular sport here. We took pictures of a wedding party as the attractive couple entered the church for the wedding ceremony, and of people in their native dress. We visited several shops and enjoyed the atmosphere of this busy shopping area.

At 4:30 p.m., we were on the motor coach traveling to Nüegg, the mountain lodge, for the Family Reunion. We arrived in anticipation, not knowing exactly what to expect. The motor coach parked above the lodge. As we walked down the hill, our Kunz relatives came out of the lodge to greet us.

What a wonderful welcome! Somehow we managed to communicate our joy and the love felt for them, and they reciprocated. Words are inadequate to describe this precious moment when strangers met and were strangers no more. After the greetings and introductions, we went inside the lodge to find a spacious dining room, tables set and decorated with beautiful center pieces of flowers arranged with both Swiss and American flags. At each

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place setting was a wood bark boat with red, white, and blue sails, miniature flags of both countries, straw folowers, and a Tobler's chocolate bar. Leny Kunz made the center pieces and favors. It was very artistic and beautiful. We were seated with our Swiss relatives. Paul Nielson was spokesman and soon had everyone relaxed and having a good time enjoying a delicious ham dinner; each had a choice of a variety of drinks. We visited as best we could through an interpreter, learning a little Swiss and they learning a little English. The program started after dinner. The Master of Ceremony spoke both Swiss and English. A lively Swiss musical group danced, sang and played musical instruments. The Swiss relatives yodeled and danced native dances. A girls trio sang. Joni Kennett played the guitar and sang. Dori Wampfler, her son, Kobi, and her daughter, Annaroesli, sang and yodeled. The relatives from America sang "America, the Beautiful", and "Come, Come Ye Saints."

The oldest member of the Kunz family attending was Uncle Armien (84 years). Both he and Uncle Arnold Kunz were honored. Uncle Arnold's son, Arnold, spoke to us in English and expressed thanks in behalf of the Swiss Kunz cousins. Uncle George Kunz spoke, representing the American Kunz cousins. The American cousins sang the last number, "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again." The remainder of the evening was spent dancing and visiting. All evening Anna Mani of Untre/Blatten sat tapping her feet to the rhythm of the lively music. She mentioned to someone that she loved to dance. Walter Buhler asked her to dance with him. By the happy look on her face, I'm sure he will be her friend for life.

We didn't get back to the Swiss Chalet until long after midnight. This evening was a success beyond our fondest dreams. The barrier between the Swiss and American Kunz families had been broken. One hundred and sixty-five Kunz relatives attended the Reunion. Thirty-five from America, forty descendants from the Russian Kunz family and ninety descendants from the Kunz family remaining in Switzerland.

Sunday - September 24, 1978

More good weather for the Sabbath day. The men left early for Priesthood meeting in the Interlaken Branch. The women joined the men for Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting. Willard Kunz, patriarch of the Montpelier, Idaho Stake and Bishop Neil Kunz, former missionary to Switzerland and at present serving as Bishop at St. Anthony, Idaho, were invited to speak in Sacrament Meeting. It was a special opportunity to hear their testimonies. They are great leaders. It was a pleasure to meet the members of the Branch and visit with them after the meetings.

Edith Shepherd had a pleasant surprise this morning when her son, Charles's missionary companion, Heinrich Lauener and his wife, Claudia, introduced themselves to her. They invited her to ride with them to the meeting at Thun. Heinrich's mother and his brother, Peter, and his wife who is from Delta, Utah, sing in the double quartet with Paul, and others.

We traveled to Thun for a meeting in the Thun Chapel, to hear President and Sister Percy Fetzner speak. Everyone arrived at the same time. After introductions and picture taking, we entered the chapel. The meeting was conducted by Paul Nielson. Margaret Nielson played the prelude and accompanied at the piano. Ruth Brunner conducted the music. The opening hymn was, "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning"; Paul welcomed everyone and introduced President and Sister Fetzner, President and Matron of the Swiss Temple. Their messages were beneficial and spiritual. President Fetzner talked about the Kunz heritage and the sacrifices made by our ancestors that we of this generation might enjoy the blessings of the Gospel. As he closed his address, he asked those in attendance, "What are you doing?" and "What are you going to do about it?" The benediction was given by Denzil Kunz. It was an inspirational meeting. Paul asked us to remain seated as President and Sister Fetzner left the chapel to go to another speaking engagement. Paul then talked to us about the importance of missionary work and surprised us by

introducing Martha Werner who had come with her husband and children a great distance to meet the mother of the missionary who had been instrumental in her conversion to the Church. Theda Leak was the mother and her son, Glenn Don Leak, was the missionary who baptized Martha Werner. Paul introduced them, there were tears shed as they embraced each other. This was a special experience as we remembered the Lord's words, "And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the Kingdom of my Father."

This was also a great reunion for Chris Kunz, who had met the Werner family during his mission here and had an opportunity to strengthen them in the Gospel. The spirit of missionary work was truly exemplified through this heart warming experience. It is also important to do missionary work among our own family members, so this great Kunz family may become a Celestial family. It is important for each family member to know of our great heritage and how important it is to live Gospel Principles and reach this goal to "Keep the Kunz Family Close." Make a special effort to know each member! We left the Thun Chapel knowing we had been privileged to share a sacred experience together.

We returned to the Chalet Swiss. The evening was free to do as was desired.

Monday - September 25, 1978

We arose early this morning anxious to begin the day's events as our time here was precious. After breakfast, we walked out into Frau Schmidt's beautiful flower garden in front of the hotel. The roses were especially beautiful this morning, sparkling in the early morning dew. How special it was to meet with Paul and Margaret each morning and witness the love and concern they have for each other as a family. The eagerness and enthusiasm of the children as they decide whose turn it is to sit up front with Daddy and their patience in surpressing their preferences in order to make the day pleasant for everyone--it was a joy to witness. Many times I watched as Paul Jr. was the first one out of the motor coach waiting to help the ladies step down.

Arnold Kunz-Ritter met us at Oey Diemtigen. His wife, Lenny, and his father, Uncle Arnold, left early this morning to travel up the Pass in preparation for our visit to their upper dairy. We were disappointed when he told us the cows had come down from the upper dairy ten days ago.

There are two thousand people living in Diemtigen Valley; one-third are farmers. There are six thousand cattle grazing on the alps here in the summer. Each farmer pays F 250 for a two year old heifer to graze one hundred days on the alps. There are two million Semmental and brown Swiss cattle in Switzerland. Papers on pedigree cows go back two hundred and sixty years. Many Simmental cattle are exported throughout the world.

In 1912, the Kunzes exported twenty-five Simmental cows to a Russian Duke in Russia. Lydia Reiber waved as we passed her home in Narrenback, the show place of cattle country. Everywhere we looked in this valley, we could see Kunz homes and Kunz cattle. The mountain pasture is thirteen and one-half miles up the canyon road. The people pay one-third and the government pays two-thirds of road construction costs. Arnold said they used two horses to pack cheese and supplies to and

from the upper dairy in past days. Arnold had to get a special permit for the motor coach to travel on this road, because the roads and forests belong to the village or community. Timber is cut in October and November and brought down in the snow on sleighs. Each family is entitled to get their wood supply from the village-owned forest. We passed the forest where Arnold and Alice Wiedmer's grandfather lost his life in an accident while cutting trees.

Now we can see the Kunz Dairies below us. It is a beautiful and breath-taking sight with lush green meadows, the sun glistening on the tall stately pines clumped together in miniature manicured forests, the clean, contented stocky built Simmental cows grazing leisurely in the tall meadow grass dotted with wild flowers. We got off the bus and walked to the summit, drinking in the beauties of our surroundings. It was blue sky weather, a perfect day, and we felt a little closer to heaven. We sang our favorite hymns with great feeling -- "High On A Mountain Top", "Our Mountain Home So Dear", "And Here We Have Idaho", "Oh, Ye Mountains High" -- the name of this mountain is Hinteraerfeten. It is 1825 meters high. We boarded the motor coach after taking many pictures and traveled down the mountain road to the Arnold Kunz family Upper Dairies, which was built in 1972. No one but Uncle Arnold lives here in the winter time. He walks with a cane and stays at the dairy almost the year around. He was born in Russia to David Kunz-Wiedmer, who went to Russia in 1860. He has held many important positions in his Swiss community. As we arrived, Lenny was out in the field gathering some herbs. She waved and came to greet us. She is a Home Economist and teaches school at Oey Diemtigen. After a warm and friendly welcome, we were invited to enjoy a delicious picnic brunch. The table was spread with good food, buns, butter, jam, Swiss cheese and lime blossom tea. I can't remember when food ever tasted better. We did enjoy the picnic and the typical Swiss hospitality of these three friendly relatives. Arnold is

our fourth or fifth cousin. He speaks English very well and has lived in England, was born in Russia, and would like to come to the United States. On their sturdy built Swiss home and dairy these words are printed:

Grbout durch Fam Kunz Oey Unsmatte 1972  
Zimmerm Gebr Reber Gehutz U Geharme das  
Gott Hie dem Schone Sunnige Ort

The English interpretation is:

Protection and shelter have been given  
us by God here on this beautiful sunny  
spot. 1972

While we were enjoying the picnic, Dan and Ellen Kunz played a cassette tape recording of their daughter's voice singing, "I Hope There Will Be Pine Trees In Heaven". She sang this number at her Uncle George Knutti's funeral. Her sweet voice and the words to this song were very appropriate at this special time.

Arnold has fifty acres and fifty-five head of cattle. They live six weeks at the dairy and milk two thousand litres of milk a day. He invited us to visit the room where they make the cheese and explained the process. In a large vat or kettle that swings off and on the heating unit, the milk is heated to 32° C. Rennet is added to the warm milk. When it thickens, it is cut into soft curds. The whey is drained and the curd is stirred over the fire again and heated to 45 or 47° C. The curd is poured in the press hoops lined with cheese cloth and the press is tightened. At the proper time, the cheese wheel is removed from the press and placed in brine solution (25 pounds of water to 55 pounds of salt). In twenty-four hours it is removed from the brine and treated by rubbing it. Then it is placed on shelves in a drying room on its side to age from one to fifteen years. Condition and age make the flavor. The cheese is marked to record the age. The cows are milked with milking machines. We walked through a two-hundred year old shed where the cows are fed. We had fun with the big cowbell hanging on the wall. Some wore the cowbell around their necks while others took pictures

of them. It was time to say goodbye to those dear friends. We thanked them for a morning we shall never forget. Arnold rode back to Zwischenfluh with us. We enjoyed every minute of the scenic trip back to Zwischenfluh, Andreas Klossner, our pleasant bus driver at the wheel. We passed the cemetery and the little school house. The children are enjoying a four week vacation starting today. Things in this area are becoming familiar to us.

We arrived at the Chalet Swiss about noon for a short rest. By 2:00 p.m., we were ready to go again. Our destination was Guendelwald, the birthplace of Peter and Ida Boss, parents of Elizabeth Boss, mother of Agnes, Julia, Parley, Lucy and Hazel. Anna Boss Hart's father, Adolf Boss, was also born here. We had an appointment to meet Victor Boss at 3:00 p.m. He was waiting for us. He is a member of the Cantonal Parliament (comparable to our House of Representatives). He is an expert in hiking and mountain climbing, Guertch Lace, and is an Educational leader. We found him friendly, enthusiastic, energetic, knowledgable, and with a pleasant sense of humor. He took us on a long walk, pointing out important places of interest. The Boss family quarried stone and were builders, experts in their trades. They built brick kilns remaining after hundreds of years, and the many flash floods of the Zwieluachinen River. In Guendelwald is a typical style of architecture with large roofs and overhanding porches built across the full width of the homes. We walked past the home of Niklaus Guertner. It had been remodeled in 1975; all the original material from his old home had been used, so the new home would be an exact replica of the original old home. This was very unique, because most Americans want change. These people value and appreciate the past. We saw barns built from hand-hewn logs still standing from ages past and still being used. Every home had a garden and flowers. There are three branches of the Boss family. Conrad Boss, second great grandfather of Anna Boss Hart was the first member of the Boss family to join the Church. He was baptised by our great grandfather, John Kunz III.



He built the first brick kiln, the school house and homes for his son and many others. His property covered all the meadows and pasture land and fresh water springs from the creeks down past the Zueilutschinnen River. He was Mayor of Guendelwald for ten years after he joined the Church. His son, John, was a builder, too. He built the barn with the rock foundation which is still standing. He built a saw mill operated by a hugh water wheel and many homes. John Boss and his family immigrated to America and is buried in Midway, Utah. It took Victor Boss three years to find the original spring of the fifteen springs that are piped and pumped to furnish all the fresh drinking water for the village. Victor has a great respect for ecology. As we approached a beautiful meadow, he asked us to walk along the edge and not to take the short cut through the tall grass and the wild flowers. We saw two of the best preserved kilns the Boss family had built; four others had been washed away by floods. At the train station, we saw high water marks of a recent flood on August 12, 1933. We saw the meeting of the Black and White Zueilutschinen Rivers.

Beautiful mountains with eagles nests on the craigy tops surround this village with deep blue lakes. One of these mountains had peaks resembling four fingers and a thumb. We heard the story of Casper Boss, born in 1789, and not related to us. As a youth, he took the cows up to the alp, high on a mountain near his home, bringing them back each night. We stood in front of this home and gazed up at the mountain peaks as this story was related to us. "Late one evening, Casper's mother sat in a chair resting after a busy day. She was startled by cries she could hear coming from the mountain. She recognized those cries and the members of her family climbed the mountain side and found Casper had fallen and was seriously injured. Carefully, they carried him down the mountain and laid him gently in his mother's arms where he died." Though this experience had taken place many years ago, it brought tears of sympathy for this family's sorrow.

We walked down the path our great grandfather had walked and was pelted with rocks by unfriendly children while he served his mission. We saw a beautiful house with intricate designs carved on every other beam to keep out the evil spirits, we were told. Sophia Loren made a movie in a hotel built high on a mountain here in Guendelwald. The only access to the hotel is by a lift. Last week, two hundred large wheels of cheese were brought down from the mountain alp on a sleigh. There have been many fossils found in the mountains surrounding this village, confirming the fact that centuries ago this valley was the bottom of a huge lake. We walked past the home where Margarete Lauener was born and raised as a young girl. We took pictures of Uncle George standing by his mother's home. She was the fifth wife of John Kunz III. Her children were Charles, Heber, Lyman, George and Lula. We walked down by the river where the young people came to dance after dark when the laws of the church were strict against dancing. We saw the swift current of the River Luachinen where some of our relatives were baptized late at night to avoid persecution. It was a pleasant afternoon spent with Victor Boss. He is leaving for the States to visit relatives in Taylorsville and Midway and to attend the L.D.S. Conference. We thanked him and bid him goodbye and a safe journey.

Paul and Margaret have planned a special Home Evening for us tonight, at the home of Ruth Braun in Unterseen. We had a short rest stop at Bacheri Lebensmittel. As we arrived at Unterseen, we were welcomed by Ernst Zenger and family. They put forth great effort to make this an evening for us to remember: special wood for the bon fire, a certain type of stick to roast the hot dogs on, which had been cut in an artistic design so they could be roasted thoroughly. The food was delicious and the scenery was breath-taking. Sail boats on the Thunersee at sunset gliding over the shimmering blue water, white clouds touched with gold as the sun sunk low into the Thunersee casting shadows of gold on the white sails of the colorful boats. As the sunset faded into

darkness, we heard the plaintive and melodious tones of the Alp Horn, played for us by Heinrich Maurer. His wife was recuperating from injuries suffered in a car accident and couldn't be with us. This talented gentleman had made his own Alp Horn. This certainly was an evening long to remember. We lingered late into the night visiting and enjoying the cool breeze. The motor coach wasn't available to take us back to the Chalet Swiss. Paul made many trips taking one load after another back to the hotel. He was concerned for our safety because there were no sidewalks or street lights along the road back. We all returned safely, and ready for a good night's rest.

Tuesday - September 26, 1978

Paul had some interesting Church History to tell us this morning as we traveled through the villages of Interlaken, Guten, Sigriswil, Fahrni, near Steffisburg, Thun, Amsoldingen, on our way to Niederstocken.

"Peter Brevant, a Swiss native, went to Denmark. While there he was contacted by the L.D.S. missionaries and was converted and baptized. Later, he returned to his Homeland Switzerland and did missionary work among his family and friends who readily accepted the Gospel. He contacted Church Officials in Utah and asked them to send someone to Switzerland with the authority to baptize. They sent Thomas B. Stenhouse, who later became an Apostate. Then Jacob F. Segrism, Margaret Nielson's great grandfather, came to Switzerland with the authority to baptize, according to the records of Reverend Howald of the Segrism Reformed Church, recorded by the Clerk Santachi. Grandpa Segrism suffered persecution and was finally deported. Ulrich Buehler then became the first native presiding Elder in Switzerland. His wife was Anna Burgdorf. Johannes Kunz, our progenitor, was baptized by Ulrich Buehler."

The streets of Thun are very narrow. We could reach out the bus and touch the awnings on the shop windows. The population of Thun is 20,000 people. The Thun Lake is deep, but Lake Brienz is deeper.

The bus stopped at Niederstocken, the home of the Straubhaar family. Magdalena and Sophie Straubhaar, and William John and Jacob Kunz were born in this village. We met Eduard Schwendiman, a great grandson of Peter Straubhaar, who was a brother to Magdalena and Sophie. Eduard showed us the meadow where the old Straubhaar home was before it was torn down. We drove past the church where Grandpa William J. Kunz was christened. We took pictures, then traveled through Reutigen and on to Oey Dientigen. We arrived in time to see the cows come down off the alps from the summer dairies. Each spring the cows are decorated with flowers on their heads as they are taken up to the dairies on the high mountain alps. Each fall, they are brought down from the summer dairies decorated with flowers and tree branches arranged on a

milking stool and fastened to the cow's horns. They have big cowbells around their necks. It was a four hour walk down from the high alsp. The family leading the parade was in their native dress. They are a sturdy, strong and happy people. It was a sight to behold. We followed the parade all the way to the train station, taking pictures along the way. The cows were loaded on the trains and shipped back to the farms for the winter. There were newspaper reporters and photographers at the scene. They thought it rather unique that a group of American tourists were so interested in the cows.

Yesterday, we were on top of the mountain looking down, and today we are at the foot of the mountain looking up. We did some shopping in Oey Diemtigen, purchasing Bratzli Irons at the Schmid store. We also purchased records and tapes of the famous Weidmer Brothers, Walter and Hans, our relatives.

At 1:00 p.m., we arrived at the Gasthaus Herschon Oey. Guests of Uli Kunz, Martha, his wife, and Aunt Ida, his mother, Fredy and Martha, Uncle Armene, Arnold and Lenny and Uncle Arnold and many others, who welcomed us and served a banquet we shall never forget. On one wall of the dining room was a hanging of a big family tree with each family member's name on a leaf. The names of each family head was printed on the branches. It was a work of art. It took Paul many hours of loving and unselfish time to complete this master-piece. He was surprised, but honored when he found they had hung it on the wall in the main dining room of the restaurant. After the banquet, our cousin, Arnold Kunz, arose in behalf of the Kunz family in Switzerland, expressed their feeling of love for us and invited us to come back again. He presented a bright shining metal cowbell with a beautiful soft leather embroidered yoke to Uncle George Kunz for the Kunz family in America. It is the first contribution to the future Historical museum for the Kunz family in Bern, Idaho, U.S.A. The brass engraving reads: "To the American Kunz Family in Bern, Idaho, from the Kunz Family in Switzerland."

The friendship and love we felt for our Swiss relatives at that moment was overwhelming. We embraced each other and tears of joy flowed freely. The barriers of a century had been broken. This experience was precious far beyond the wealth of material things and perhaps the beginning of great joy and happiness in the lives of all Kunz family members throughout the world. Our special thanks to all who contributed to this sacred and heart-warming experience and a special thanks to thoughtful August Weidmer for his part.

Our next stop was back to Thun and the Castle of Spiez. As we entered the court room of this Fifteenth Century Castle, we saw the Coat of Arms of Franz Ludwig Von Erlach (1631) and his second wife, Johanna Von Graffenried (1595-1671). We were especially interested in her Coat of Arms because she is on the genealogy sheet Paul Nielson gave to us -- genealogy that he researched for the Kunz family. Johanna was Franz Ludwig's second wife and was the mother of twenty-four of this thirty-five children. Her Coat of Arms was oval and carved in wood. Both hers and her husband's temple work has been completed because of the meticulous records kept in the private office of Herr Brandenburg dating back to the Fourteen-hundreds. We saw many beautiful and treasured works of art by some of the famous artists of that era -- Ischarner (1791-1893) and Riggensburg (1644-1723) are those I remembered. There were many others. Paintings of Franz Ludwig and Johanna and several of their children were hanging in the formal dining hall. Next to the ceiling around the walls was a work of art done in plaster cast, depicting the story of the Prodigal Son and Joseph sold into Egypt. The chairs, table, desk, and other furniture were hand-carved. The kitchen was interesting with huge kettles hanging over the fireplace. Large spits for roasting whole pigs, lambs, and beef, etc. The ancient churn, cupboards, and dishes and even an ancient bread slicer helped us to realize that the people who lived in this castle in Medieval times had hardships to face. They didn't have the conveniences

we have today in our modest homes. The floors were inlaid hardwood in artistic patterns and each floor and ceiling were different in design. The doors were hand-carved, trimmed with heavy metal hardware. There were stairways with many steps to climb and a special room where weapons of every kind were on display. We walked through the living quarters of the guards and soldiers, the carriage room and the prison dungeon, all under the same castle roof. I let my imagination wander as I contemplated the many events that possibly had taken place in this castle where death sentences were meted out, where many children were born and raised, where sickness and death were a reality, where all the problems and emotions of earth life were experienced.

As we had entered the Castle, we were told we could put our coats and packages in a corner of the entrance while we toured the castle. As we returned, we found that nothing had been disturbed in spite of the many people coming and going.

After the tour of the castle, we walked to the Romanesque Church of Spiez, above the lake on the spur of the rock peninsula where the castle is situated. The Church was erected at the turn of the Tenth and Eleventh Century. The crypt beneath the Church has been preserved in its original form. We stepped down a flight of stairs from the chapel to the crypt beneath the main choir. This Church has a unique architectural style. The Fresco murals are significant and are more than a thousand years old. We saw the memorial tablet with the Epitaph of Franz Ludwig Von Erlach and the mausoleum of Sigmund Von Erlach. Restoration work of this Church was directed by D. M. Stettler. The Romanesque period was a time of great Catholic pilgrimages. The uneducated peasants looked upon the churches as being symbolic of heaven. The Frescos of Christ with the Apostles at his side helped them to visualize a heaven of grandure and seemed to alleviate the poverty of their existence.

We walked from the Church to the boat dock. We visited and

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watched the boats sailing by on the Thunersee, the sparkling blue water in the fading sunlight. A large boat docked, we went aboard and found seats in the "Aft" section which was open. It was a beautiful scene as we sailed away from the dock. The Castle Spiez at a distance with rain clouds hanging low, the blue churning and swirling water of the boat's backwash behind us as the big boat sliced through the calm water sparkling in the fading sunset, and then to look up and see the majestic Bernese Mountains surrounding the Thunersee, and to feel the cool moist air on our faces was an exhilarating experience. We didn't stay in the open section long because soon the rain drops came pouring down and we scrambled to the sheltered section of the boat. It was a cozy feeling to watch the rain from a protected part of the boat. We could see the lights of the villages along the shore. The boat docked at Interlaken at 7:15 p.m. The rain was coming down in torrents. We put on our rain coats and hats and left the boat. Those who knew the way to the Chalet, led the others in a fast walk through the rain back to the "Swiss Chalet", our home away from home.

Paul Nielson had an appointment with the press. He was late, but they were kind enough to wait. It was a good interview and they made an appointment to take the Tour Group's picture at 7:15 a.m., Thursday, 28th of September. A few members of the group stayed in the lobby and watched the news and weather report. Today one-hundred and thirty-nine people lost their lives in a San Diego plane crash. The weather forecast was for more rain in the future.



Wednesday - September 27, 1978

When we got on the bus this morning, Andreas Klossner was there to greet us. He said his boss was out of town and he appointed himself to be our chauffeur. The countryside was beginning to look familiar to us. We rode past the Wimmes Castle, Lauterbach, the home of the Minnig family, Peter Kunz's Erlanbach Church, with the beautiful Fresco paintings, the Simme River and the ancient bridge that leads to the Boltigen, the home of the Eschler family. Paul related that Grandpa Eschler was twenty-one when he married fourteen year old Grandma Eschler. Her first baby was born when she was fifteen. He played the fiddle for the dances and they took the baby with them.

It was fall in the Narrows and we saw Chamois on the colorful mountainside. Grandpa John Kunz III wrote in his journal that he hunted Chamois. We rode through Zweisimmon -- Chris Kunz's mission territory. At the crossroads left is the road we took to go to Lenk. We took the road to the right, which took us to Montreux. The corn we saw growing along the way is used for cattle silage. The milk from cows eating this silage cannot be used for making cheese.

We traveled through Schoenried where they have clay for making pottery. Princess Grace came here for vacations. It is exclusive with golf courses and Swiss Chalets to rent to the wealthy. The Music Festival is held in Saanen each year. A Jewish violinist is the guest artist this year. We just passed the famous Palace Hotel where the Shah of Iran, Richard Burton, and other celebrities stay when they come to Switzerland. The Lord Balif lives in the Saanen Castle. There is a Military Air Field here and private planes land here, also.

We had a fifteen minute rest stop in Gstaad. Just had enough time to buy some delicious "Truffles" Chocolates, a few souvenirs and post cards. Some of our group got lost, but Paul came to the rescue, and soon we were traveling in French Switzerland, through the Village Vaud (Vo) up over the Col du Pillon

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Pass. We enjoyed the beautiful scenery, a huge cascading waterfall and rock built retaining walls for snow slide protection, cattle grazing on the green carpets of grass, high on the mountain alps. The next village was Les Diablerets, once called "devil town" by a German King of England who studied at the university here at Berne. The architecture of the homes in this part of Switzerland is different. Here there are red, black, and white trimmed stucco chalets with brown roofs. The Chalets that were boarded up belong to wealthy people who come here to vacation occasionally. We saw a field of colorful crocus due to the farmers here using sheep manure to fertilize the flowers. There are sheep pastures high on the mountains.

The French Swiss speak pure French. They seem to be more carefree and happy doing things more leisurely. Switzerland is 15,941 square miles with a population of 6,071,000 people. Sixty-nine percent speak Swiss German, nineteen percent speak French, Ten percent speak Italian, and nine percent speak Romansh, A Latin dialect learned from Rome. Some linguists have listed more than seventy dialects. A dialect varies from one valley to the next. The Swiss are shy and wholesome and enjoy unabashed revelry. They are notoriously thrifty folk. Fifty-three percent are Protestant (Swiss-Reformed) and forty-five percent are Roman Catholic. The Government is a Confederation. The C H stamp on all Swiss cars is the Latin abbreviation for Collaboration of Switzerland. Forty-one of the United States are larger than Switzerland. Its flag dates back to the Thirteenth Century. The Red Cross honored its Swiss founder and adopted the banner with the colors reversed. The economy is good. Half the world's watch production is in Switzerland. They export precision tools, diesel engines, chemicals, fabrics, cheese and chocolates, tourism, banking and insurance; also important to the economy is salt, some iron, coal asbestos and an abundance of Hydro-electric power for processing raw materials.

In Leysen, there is an American school, one of several of

its kind with an American staff and curriculum. The tuition is fifteen hundred dollars per month, not including living expenses.

The Swiss mission includes a corner of Austria. The missionaries cannot sell Books of Mormon because no working permits will be issued to a person who is not a citizen of Switzerland. The missionaries can only stay in this country three months at a time.

Some of the roads we traveled on are covered for avalanche protection. The covering is held up by huge cement pre-stressed trusses. It is a great engineering feat, as is the spectacular railroad bridge across a deep canyon.

It has been raining off and on all morning; soon we reached the summit and in the distance we could see the hills of France. The next village was Vaud (pronounced "Vo") with acres and more acres of vineyards with luscious purple and green grapes. Red wine is made from the purple grapes and white wine is made from the green grapes. Harvesting of the grapes begins the first of October. We arrived at the Village Aigli. Many visitors from all countries come to the Aigli Castle to visit the Lord Balif of Aigl. We stopped for a short rest stop and enjoyed some delicious French pastry at a small delicatessen. By 12:45 p.m., we were back on the bus. As we traveled along, we saw a beautiful gladiola garden, also an Atomic Energy plant built high on the mountain. We drove past the cornfields where the police found Charlie Chaplin's casket after it had been stolen from the cemetery and held for ransom.

The village of Roche has a castle and church. Here we got our first glimpse of Lake Geneva. There are many high rise luxury hotels in Lausanne. There is a spa, casino, and riding club in beautiful Avion. In Villeneuve, we saw the hotel where Lord Byron stayed. Surrounded by Lake Geneva is the formidable Castle of Chillon (pronounced "Shee-own").

We arrived at our destination. Montreux is a beautiful city situated on the shore of Lake Geneva. We saw the statue of

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Beatrice (from Dante's "Inferno"). The climate is semi-tropical; there are palm trees and magnolias. Across the lake is the French Riviera with its private estates. President Eisenhower, the Shah of Iran, and many celebrities vacation at the Riviera.

On our tour to the Castle of Chillon, we had a personable and pleasant guide with a delightful sense of humor. She spoke English. The rock on which the Castle of Chillon stands was once occupied by men of the bronze age and later by the Romans. Parts of the castle were built in the Eleventh and Thirteenth Centuries. It belonged to the Counts of Savoy and was captured in 1536 by the Swiss Bernese, who used it many years as a depot, armory and dwelling place for their Baliffs. In 1798, it became the property of Vaud. Restoration work began at the end of the Nineteenth Century, which was made easier by the discovery to documents in the Archives in which were found the dates of nearly all the work carried out since the Twelfth Century. We enjoyed the tour very much as we envisioned the lives connected with this castle and after reading Lord Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" and felt "the damp vaults dayless gloom" as we stood in Bonivard's prison. We saw the paintings on the wall of the "Crucifixion With The Saints" painted during the Fifteenth Century. Bolivar, along with the other prisoners, were freed by the Bernese on the 29th of March 1536 and immortalized by the poet Byron, who signed his name on the third pillar of this prison. In the Chapel now restored for divine services, the charming guide invited our tour group to sing. The acoustics were excellent. The group joined in singing one of our favorite hymns, "Come, Come Ye Saints." Our tour guide commented that it "sounded beautiful."

Niklaus Manuel (1587-1620), Lord Baliff of Chillon was the son of Ursula Von Graffenried and Albrecht Manuel, Lord Governor of Berne Switzerland. His wife was Jaqueline Peronnes Von Graffenried, the granddaughter of Kaspar Von Graffenried (1574-1627), Lord Governor of Thun. These names are on the genealogy sheet that Paul Nielson prepared for us. Their Temple work has been completed.

We returned to the bus, elated with the day's events. The bus made a stop at downtown Montreux. We were surprised to see so many people on the streets. The French Swiss people are a refined people. It was lunch time and we shopped at "Megro's" market and ate our lunch on the bus. It was parked in front of the Cafe De L Apollo at Vu DiuLac and a Peter and Elliot Theatre. A crowd of people gathered, including a group of beautiful young girls dressed in yellow and blue uniforms, waiting to participate in a parade. As we watched, huge Walt Disney characters came out of the theatre--Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, Pluto and Dumbo--marched down the street following the Band and Baton Twirlers. A band led the parade down the street with a big crowd following. We watched until the parade disappeared.

As we left Montreux, we traveled through a beautiful countryside with acres of vineyard to the right and to the left of us. We rode through several villages--Viva with its Nestle's candy factory, Corseau, where we saw the villa of Ona O'Neal and the late Charlie Chaplin, and more vineyards. There were big nets over some of the vines to protect the grapes from the birds. We traveled back through Vaud where a big highway was being constructed across a wide and deep canyon. The pillars were huge.

Another village, Chateauf, has a Retirement Home. It was interesting to know that each of the many retirement homes in Switzerland have nurses to care for the retirees. The Catholic Church predominates in this area. The Canton of Fribourg is beautiful with green rolling hills and grazing Swiss brown cows, although we did see a herd of Holstein cows. In the Village of Bulle, the people were holding a cattle market today. The homes in this area are built of stucco with various shades of green and brown painted shutters and roofs. The autumn leaves have turned red and in each village we traveled through there was a picturesque castle tower and church spire, a beautiful sight.

As we traveled up over the Juan Pass, the same road we traveled on this morning, we could see the Gruyere Lake and nearby

castle. This is a great dairy and cheese-making district. At the Village Charmes, we saw a Lime Blossom tree growing in front of a bank. The blossoms of this tree makes a delicious tea. Lenny Kunz made Lime Blossom tea for us the day we visited their dairy. We were told that Swiss roads are the best marked in Europe. We traveled through more green meadows, pine trees, and Simmental cows and another avalanche protected road. Now the road was narrow and winding and we were grateful for the good bus driver. In Switzerland, cars descending mountain passes must always give the right-of-way to the car traveling up the pass. We hope everyone knows the law. Soon, we could see the Juan Village at the foot of the pass. Across the canyon was a beautiful waterfall, another breath-taking and dramatic scene.

The French part of Switzerland was behind us now, and we were back in the Germanic speaking area, approaching another canyon. A heavy mist covered the valley below. We were in Bernese forrest again and hugh snowflakes were falling fast. At the summit, the altitude is 1111 Meters. As we traveled down the narrow, winding road with its sharp curves, we were again reminded of the appreciation we have for our capable bus driver and we responded heartily with some well-deserved applause. In the distance, we could see the lights twinkling in the Village of Boltigen. The Simmon River runs through this valley.

We returned to the Chalet Swiss about 7:00 p.m., and received a reminder to arise early as the press was coming to take the group picture. When there is snow in the Bernese Alps, it means a big fire in the fireplace and eating fondue or raclette.

Paul and Willard went to administer to a man who was very ill that evening.

Thursday - September 28, 1978

Another exciting day ahead. As we assembled in the Chalet Swiss dining room for breakfast, Jessie Dansie quoted the scriptures again. The name of the delicious crescent rolls we have been enjoying is -- buttergrpfel. The rain clouds were hanging low this morning. The Interlaken press arrived and took pictures of the Kunz Family Tour Group. Paul's car had a flat tire. He arrived too late to have his picture taken with us, much to our disappointment. When he did arrive, he had some good and bad news for us. The good news was that Igor and Rosemarie Karlen were planning to meet with us at the State Archives in Berne today. The bad news was that the dollar value dropped to an all-time low today. There was no outlook for improvement. One dollar equals F 1.40 in comparison to 1967, Swiss F 4.00 was equal to one dollar American. Paul reported that the driver of the cattle truck that hit an abutment had miraculously escaped serious injury. We had seen the accident as we traveled through Spiez and was happy to hear the good news. Paul also mentioned that our trip to Schilthorn may be cancelled because of the weather.

Our cousin, Andreas Klossner, was our chauffeur again today; he was so pleasant and patient, we enjoyed having him with us. The scenery and various points of interest and our association with each other was enjoyed as we traveled to the big city of Berne; the hospital where Margaret goes to have her babies, the home of the city patron and his son, where John Kunz III and his companion, Elder Schoenfelt, visited. Later, this man and his son reported them to the authorities and an investigation followed, the spire of the LDS Temple at Zollikofen, the State Mental hospital, Police Headquarters, a soccer field, a Jewish cemetery, the freeway bridge that crosses the canyon, the famous Aare River that encircles Berne, the city forest, the funds of which support welfare and city projects, the University Research Hospital, which has helicopter service and flies people here

from all over Europe. These are some of the interesting things we saw on our way to Berne.

We arrived at the Tobler Candy Factory at 9:10 a.m. It was raining. The tour guides were there to greet us. They ushered us into a display room with a screen and film projector and were welcomed and told that the tour would be divided in three groups. They spoke English. A movie was shown depicting the interesting history and process of chocolate making. Toblers have been in business for seventy years. They have seven hundred and fifty employees from fourteen different countries. The cocoa bean is imported from Central America, Africa and Jamaica. Eighty percent of the sugar used is from sugar beets grown in Switzerland. The raisins and dried fruit come from California. The powdered milk used in chocolate making is also made in Switzerland by the Tobler's own producing unit. Fresh nuts and vanilla come from Madigascar. They produce a variety of two-hundred and forty items. Some of the flavors are Nougat, Almond, Rum, Orange, Marzipan, white, dark and light chocolate, and other miniature bars and chocolate for special occasions and all holidays. Frau W. Rorer and Mr. A. Riesen were two of our three guides. The factory was meticulously clean. The modern equipment was interesting and efficient. Our mouths watered as we watched Nougat being poured into ten large molds all at once. There were huge kettles where the creamy chocolate was automatically stirred for seventy-two hours before being put into molds. The efficient employees wore clean uniforms as they performed their duties. Attractive packaging was done by girls with quick and sure movement of hands, picking and sorting candy on long revolving tables. The wrappings were artistic and eye-appealing. In each department, our guide, A. Rieser, a man who visits his son in California often, invited us to sample the chocolates. By the time the tour was over, our "Sweet tooth" had been thoroughly satisfied. As we left the factory, thanking them and saying goodbye, they handed each of us a large candy bar. During the Tour of Tober's Candy Factory,



Paul Nielson was making telephone calls to confirm our appointment with Dr. Josi, Chancellor of Berne, at 4:30 p.m., today. We appreciated Paul and his attention to every detail to make every experience in Switzerland very special for us. The Swiss Radio will be at the State House for an interview. There was a newspaper article in Wednesday's paper about the Americans watching the cows come down from the mountains.

As the bus traveled to downtown Berne, we stopped at a place where the Postgassin Mission Headquarters was located at the time our Great Grandfather served a mission, 1884-1886. We thought of the courage and sacrifice it was for him to leave his loved ones and home to face the hardships and persecution he had to endure, and the great love and devotion, and his testimony of the Gospel and what his example and teachings have meant in our lives, and what it will mean in the lives of his posterity for generations to come. It was another great spiritual experience for us and we lingered at this place, even though the Mission Headquarters had been moved to another place and this location now appeared to be apartment dwellings.

As we traveled to the heart of the famous City of Berne, we saw the Hotel "Achwitzerhall" where the General Authorities of the Church stay when they come to Switzerland.

The population of Berne is three-hundred and fifty thousand people. Every nation has a Diplomatic Core here. This medieval city with its facades of sandstone is lying on the loop of the Aare River. It is surrounded by the Bernese Mountains. It is the Capitol of the Confederation, founded in 1191. It was decided to name the city after the first animal caught in this area. This was a bear. The bear was incorporated in the City's Coat of Arms.

Andreas Klossner parked the bus near the Cathedral so we could see the spires from any point in the city and find our way back. We had two hours to see the city and have lunch. We walked down the arcaded streets of this picturesque city enjoying the

displays in a variety of fashionable shops. There are four miles of arcaded streets in Berne. We stopped at a music shop and ordered tapes and recordings of "Wie d Barner - Oberland jodele" by the famous Wiedmer Brothers, Hans and Walter. They were scheduled to sing for us at the reunion, but couldn't because of illness. We had hamburgers at "Migroinos." Several of the group had the same idea. The menu was interesting -- Chasburger F 1.70 (a double burger), Dappelburger F 3 Pommes Fritex 150 g (french fries) -- Heisser Apfelkrapfen F. 1.20 (apple pie) Bier ohne Alkohol F 1.20 (root beer). Our lunch was F 16.80. The time went by so quickly, I thought of the museums, the interior of the cathedral, the rose gardens, the historic fountains, the beautiful stained glass windows, the clock tower, with its figure play set in motion every four minutes before every full hour, built in the Twelfth Century, the Bear Pitts, and the many other points of interest in this city and wished for the impossible--more time!

We returned to the bus as scheduled and arrived at the State Archives in time to meet Igor and Rosemarie Karlen. Paul introduced us to the personable Mr. Smoki. He made us feel welcome immediately. We were seated around two long tables as he explained many things of interest, including the records placed on the tables before us. Housed in this building are all the District, Canton, City, Federal, and private important citizen documents. All these documents are classified in three categories:

1. Legal
2. Historical
3. Sentimental

These categories overlap, such as old photographs. An Archivist can't throw anything away. He said, "Nothing leaves the Archives except money." He had prepared a "salty mixture" from the Canton of Berne. Enclosed in glass cases were displayed documents of Diemtigen Valley, emigration records of our relatives' early Church History in Berne, Switzerland, information about Peter Kunz who presided in Munstergasse Cathedral and was buried there. Also on display was an important Document, "The Golden Parchment 1218", which is the Declaration of Independence of the Republic of Berne,

and other important Documents as when Berne joined the Confederation of Switzerland in 1353. On display were six different volumes of recorded minutes of Government Authorities in Senate meetings. These minutes were written every hundred years of the last session of the Senate held the last week of the years 1470- 1570- 1670- 1770- 1870- 1970. On display were the scripts of Lower Simmental, Diemtigen and Spiez purchased by Berne. Family histories and christening documents of original entry. The Parochial records are scattered throughout the country in Parishes and Churches. Displayed was the passport issued June 27, 1873 to John Kunz, Jr., age 29 years. Description: red hair, red eyebrows, grey eyes, place - Zwischenfluh, Diemtigen, Height - 5'8". Accompanying him - 1 Frau - Kinder - 1 Maid - 1 Grandmother. Destination - America.

Copies of books written about the relatives who emigrated to Russia were displayed. The title, "Kept Native Traditions", by Author Tatsachenbercht Von Waldermar Kunz. It was amazing to see how well preserved these ancient documents were. There were records of Reverend Hovalt and his orders to deport Margaret's Grandfather, Segrist, and the document signed by John Kunz III asking the Governor to recind the order of deportation. We were proud to think that our Great Grandfather defended this good man in the face of persecution. Mr. Smoki took us to the office and pulled the Kunz Crest from a file. Uncle George Kunz gave each of us a zerox copy. It has three, six pointed stars, silver on a lady lips red background with three green leaves at the bottom of the shield shaped-crest. It is simple and beautiful. We walked through the Archives storage rooms by invitation from Mr. Smoki. We expressed our thanks to him for his efforts to make this a most memorable time.

We then walked through a park and stood in front of the statue of Albrecht Von Hallen, a great Statesman and Scholar. This man is known as the last of the great universal scholars. He is on our genealogy records.

Lenny and Arnold have had car trouble and weren't able to be with us. We got on the bus and Andreas took us across Berne to see the Bear Pitts. After a brisk walk to the State House to keep our appointment with Dr. Josi, we entered the rotunda, a hall with huge pillars. The press and radio and TV interviewed Uncle George Kunz. Dr. Josi, a tall handsome man, was introduced by Mr. Wiedoner, the Rathaus Administrator and Assistant Advisor to the Chancellor who previously welcomed us. Dr. Josi spoke to us about the homeland of our Ancestors and about the events in Government at that time they lived in Switzerland. It was obvious that he had taken some time and thought in preparing to meet us. His Mother is Emma Kunz. We were proud to claim this illustrious gentleman as a relative. He was friendly and very gracious and generous, presenting us with a beautiful book, "Bernerland Le Pays Benrols Berne Country", written in Swiss and English and illustrated with interesting landscapes and information about Switzerland. We were taken on a tour of the State House by an appointed guide. After seeing many works of art and hearing about the interesting history of the Bernese, we were privileged to sit in the Government Chambers in the Legislators' seats and ask questions that were answered by our guide, and Dr. Josi, who not only gave us the beautiful book, but autographed it for us. We also asked for Mr. Wiedoner's autograph. We were then invited to follow one of the administrative members to a restaurant where we were served a drink of our choice, compliments of the Chancellor and State House Officials. Igor and Rosemarie stayed with us all afternoon. We enjoyed the companionship of this couple and their children, Barbara and Thomas.

It was raining as we hurried back to the bus. Soon we were on our way to Zollikofen to see the Swiss Temple. Much to our disappointment, the Temple had been closed during our stay in Switzerland. The Temple is small, but beautiful in its simplicity. We saw the Visitor's Center and the Hotel (Hostel) that Kenneth Kunz designed. It is for the use of all European members

coming to the Switzerland Temple to do Temple work. It rained so hard that we were unable to get off the Motor Coach. The bus stopped at the Church of Hindelbank. Paul told us the story of a Pastor, a descendant of Johannes Ross (1521) who came to the Church of Hindelbank in 1750 with his wife, Magdalena Weaver. The young couple was married the Third of July 1750. According to the testimonies of contemporaries, she was one of the most beautiful women in Switzerland. In the early part of the year, Johann August Nahl, a sculptor, had been commissioned to erect a monument for Hieronymus Von Erlach in the Hindelbank Church. During the period of this work, the sculptor lived not far from the Castle of his patron, in the Ministry House and was the respected guest of the Pastor George Langhans and his beautiful wife, Maria Magdalena, who was awaiting the arrival of her first child. Fate was not merciful to the mother and child. The young mother and baby died on the evening before Easter, the Festival of the Resurrection. This tragic day was Saturday, April 10, 1751. The bereft husband and father requested that Johann Nahl sculpt a stone for her crypt to represent the resurrection.

The tragic death greatly affected the Artist because he had met and enjoyed her hospitality at the Minister's house. The Artist recently lost an eight-day-old daughter, Katherina Barbara, in death. He had lived through the fears of birth, fearing for the life of his wife, as they had lost other children of tender age. Nahl did the gravestone out of one great block of sandstone. The inscription and poetry were written by Albrecht Von Haller who was a relative of the Minister George Langhans. By the wish of the Minister, this inscription was written:

"LORD, HERE I AM, AND THE CHILD THAT YOU GAVE ME."

The stone, a beautiful work of art, shows the woman with her child floating out of the grave to greet the day of Resurrection with these words to her God:

Hark! The trumpet rings  
It's sound pierces through the grave,  
Awake my son of pain  
Throw off your fetters  
Your Lord calls to you;  
Before Him flee death and time  
And in eternal safety  
Disappears all suffering.

This sculpture brought European fame to Johann August Nahl. It became the most important tourist sight in Switzerland. Goethe, the artist, and Schopenhaur, the philosopher, visited in 1779. Ludwig Von Erlach quoted, "This is one of the wonders of the world." It is a rich heritage for the people in the Parish of Hindelbank. It has become a blessing for many. In 1911, the Hindelbank Church burned to the ground with all its stained glass and furnishings, except for the Resurrection sculpture of Maria Magdelina and her baby. A miraculous phenomenon. Many reproductions have been made of the original in copper and porcelain throughout the world.

On our way back to Interlaken, our trip to Schilthorn was discussed. The weather was not favorable. It looks like our trip will be cancelled. Joni Kennett asked Paul if he thought it might be alright to ask for a little help. She offered a humble prayer in our behalf, "thanking the Lord for the blessing and opportunity we have had to come to the land of our Ancestor's birth and enjoy its beauties and share so many spiritual experiences together. She prayed that our tour might continue as planned in peace and safety, that the elements might be controlled." Our hearts were touched by her explicit faith in our Father in Heaven.

It rained all night.

Friday - September 29, 1978

We were anxious to check the weather this morning. As I parted the lace curtain to look at the sky, I could see it had stopped raining and the storm clouds were scattering. After breakfast, we walked out in Frau Schmidt's rose garden to wait for the motor coach, and we could see a glimmer of the sun. By the time the bus came, we knew for sure that we could continue on with our plans to go to Schilthorn. A spirit of thanksgiving came into my heart and I felt the majesty and power of our Father in Heaven answering prayers. It was a beautiful day and we did continue with our plans.

It was little Johnny Nielson's birthday today and we sang, "Happy Birthday" to him. He was five years old today. He passed a cupcake to each of us. Andreas Klossner was driving the motor coach again today. We were surprised to hear of Pope John Paul's untimely death. The U.S. dollar rose in value to F. 1.47 today. We traveled through Lauterbrunnen, the birthplace of Margarete Launer, Uncle George's mother. The Gertch family from Midway, Utah, came from Lauterbrunnen, which means "many fountains of water." The sun was shining. What a beautiful day it was.

We picked up our tickets at the Stechelberg Lodge and waited for the Aerial Cable Tram, which holds one-hundred passengers. We entered the Aerial Tram at Stechelberg at an altitude of 2830 feet and rose to the first landing, Gimmelwald, 4483 feet. We walked quickly through the building to another awaiting Aerial Cable Tram ascending higher. The view of the snow covered mountain so close to us and then looking down at the miniature green meadows and blue lakes below was a striking contrast. Our second landing was Murren, 5346 feet. Again, we walked quickly to the third Aerial Cable Tram. What a breath-taking view of Mount Igor, with the glaciers in the background! The sun was glistening on the snow and ice above and everything was so beautiful and green below. It was like changing seasons in a

flash--Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter--all in one sweeping glance. The third landing was Birg, 8767 feet. Birg Schilthorn is a small resort village. As we entered the next Arial Tram, we were beginning to appreciate this great engineering feat. All this had to be built by the assistance of helicopters. On the way up to the next and fourth landing, we visited with other tourists and enjoyed the unbelievable view surrounding us. The fourth landing was Marimim, 9744 feet. It took us 35 minutes to reach the top of Schilthorn. The magnitude of this view left me speechless; It was more than I had words to express. Many expressions of gratitude were heard today for this great experience. The sky was blue with a few white, fluffy clouds floating above us. The breeze was cool and crisp; we were glad for our coats. The snow sparkled in the sun. In the far distance, we could see the hills of France and Italy and the beautiful lakes and villages of Switzerland. The rugged peaks of the three famous mountains--the Jungfrau, the Monch, and Igor--at close range with icy glaciers. The contrasting scene of velvet green alps where miniature cows grazed and red tiled roofs of Swiss chalets clustered in small villages surrounded by forrests of trees. "How beautiful are God's creations." We took many pictures and went inside the lodge with the revolving dining room. We were on top of Mount Schilthorn. Paul said he had been here many times, but had never seen it more beautiful.

As we descended the Schilthorn by way of the Arial Cable Tram, we again enjoyed the contrasting seasons and surrounding scenes. It took 17 minutes to descend. The motor coach took us to Lauterbrunnen Bergbahn. We had thirty minutes to wait for the train. We shopped at the Fritz Booth Village Store. We overwhelmed the shop keepers because so many came to shop at once. The train arrived on time with a sign that two sections were reserved for the FAMILY KUNZ. The cog-wheeled train with large windows and comfortable seats soon filled with the FAMILY KUNZ TOUR GROUP and pulled out of the station at 12:05 p.m. We ate our picnic



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lunch as we enjoyed the beautiful Swiss mountain scenery, wild flowers, cattle grazing in green meadows, tall stately pine trees, white fluffy clouds hovering low on snow-capped mountain peaks. We saw at least eight spectacular cascading waterfalls flowing down the high mountains. This topped anything we had seen before. We passed through the village of Wengen. We were told they have around-the-clock free ambulance and train service here for expectant mothers. The Hotels and the Chalets are sturdily built in Wengen. Mary Ann Geurch lived in this village. The next station we passed so quickly we just got a backward glance at the Village Allmend dwarfed in the distance with its tall pine trees and sun shining on patches of snow. Many hikers were wandering about the mountain side and we could see the Schilthorn in the distance, where we had started this morning. Below us was the peaceful-looking Village of Guendelwald. We had a close-up view of Mount Igor, called the Ogre. It is 13,030 feet altitude. Many hikers have lost their lives climbing the North-Wall of this rugged mountain. The average is twelve a year. They probably would be much safer if the hikers would take a professional guide and mountain climber with them. The Monch is in the middle and means the Monk and the beautiful Jungfrau is called the Young Virgin.

The half hour rest went by in a hurry and we were back on the train as it winds its way down off the mountain. On the way down, we passed snow sheds and quaking Aspen trees turning gold, cows grazing in the Alps, Mahogany and Spruce trees dotting the hillside, hikers preparing to ascend the mountain. In the distance below, we could see the Zweiluechinen River with its swift flowing white glacier water winding through the tourist village. Once again, gratitude filled our hearts for this great experience.

We arrived in Guendelwald at 2:00 p.m. We had two hours and twenty-five minutes before the motor coach would meet us at the Sun Star Hotel. It was a pleasant time, shopping, visiting

as we sat on a park bench, watching children at play surrounded by stately mountain peaks. Some of the tour group met Ueli Kunz's sister and her son at their hotel dining room. She recognized them and presented each with a gift and served them a dish of ice cream. Her Kunz style hospitality was appreciated. The time passed too quickly as usual and soon we were back on the motor coach traveling through Guendelwald, remembering the pleasant afternoon we had spent with our friend, Victor Boss.

Guendelwald is the most famous of all the Oberland Resorts. It has been popular with tourists for over a hundred years. It lies in a sunny position on the dried-up floor of an ancient lake high up the valley of Schwarluachinen River. The Wetterhorn, 12,140 feet, the Metenburg, 10,000 feet with two glaciers creeping down its sides, and Igor, 13,030 feet, tower around the south side of the valley. It is a wonderful vacation center with facilities for every summer and winter sport. Its population is 3,300. It is twenty miles from Interlaken.

We traveled through the ancient covered bridge at Steig and stopped at the Church (Swiss Reformed). One of the Parish members was playing a pipe organ. Coats of Arms and Family Crests in stained glass windows, and Fresco paintings of vines and flowers bordered the walls and windows, wooden benches and hard wood floors with the sandstone altar describes the church where Elizabeth Boss was christened. We walked out into the flower covered cemetery and saw familiar names on the tombstones, such as Stuki, Boss, etc. We compared this cemetery to the rock, mud and weed-covered cemetery in Bern, Idaho, where so many of our loved ones are buried and we wished with all our hearts it could be improved to honor their memory. It would be a most difficult problem because of lack of water.

As we traveled back to Interlaken, LeGrand in behalf of the Tour Group, presented a token of our appreciation to Paul and Margaret for their devotion and untiring efforts in making this trip such a wonderful and memorable experience for each one of us.

Saturday - September 30, 1978

We arose early -- the day was cloudy and wet. We finished packing with an air of excitement thinking about a new experience ahead. After breakfast, we said our goodbyes and thank-you's to the two young men waiters and our pleasant and gracious hostess, Susanne Schmidt, the owner of the Chalet Swiss, the former home of Jacob Ritchard, District Governor. This man defended our great grandfather and relatives who were being persecuted by the Pastor at Gsteig near Interlaken. The Pastor had taken his grievance to the Government authorities in Berne, Switzerland. They, in turn, requested the District Governor, J. Ritchard, to investigate and make a report. His report was favorable of these some twenty members of a Mormon Branch and they were allowed to remain in their homeland. (See printed article in the Oberlaendisches Volksblatt Fri/Sat, Sept. 29/30, 1978, page 4, Interlaken, Switzerland.)

The men helped load the luggage on the motor coach. Paul introduced us to the new chauffeur and tour guide, Anthony (Tony). He would be with us until we returned to Zurich. It was 8:15 a.m. as we left Interlaken for the last time. We waved goodbye to the Von Allmons. (He taught the Sunday School class we attended in the Interlaken Branch.) We passed through Brienz once again and saw the beautiful Brienzsee. The country has waterfalls cascading from the tops of high mountains. We were traveling through dense fog. As we arrived at Brunig, the fog lifted. In this village, there was an Amphitheater and a wrestling arena. Wrestling is very popular in Switzerland. We traveled past the man-made Lake Lunnen. It is like our reservoirs. Now we were enjoying some beautiful canyon scenery, forests and lakes. We saw black and white sheep grazing in a meadow at Lowen Village, past the Lake of Sarnen, the village of Griswil and the Lake Lucerne. Large abutments were built along the road to prevent earth slides. We drove through Schanatatt Village on our way to Lucerne, which begins at the shore of Lake

Lucerne and spreads over three hills in a crowded but picturesque way. Many high rise hotels and factories, red roofed chalets, medieval covered bridges, a Fourteenth Century water tower, a Technical College and a Fine Arts Museum overlooks the Lake. The new and the old architecture blend together. Over a hundred years ago, Mark Twain fell in love with Switzerland and described Lucerne in his book, Innocents Abroad. The beauties and the character of the villages still remain the same. We traveled past the Soenberg Tunnel, a Civil Defense area built to accommodate twenty to twenty-five thousand people with supplies for six months. Its doors weigh three hundred tons. It has a hospital and other necessary facilities. As we traveled through Emmens shopping center, we saw the Rise River. The traffic was unusually heavy; it was raining and visibility was poor. As we came to a narrow crossing, our chauffeur moved cautiously ahead. As we passed a large Swiss Airbase, it reminded us of the jets the Americans presented to Switzerland the day we arrived. There was a great deal of chatter going on as we rode through beautiful country with apple orchards and corn fields on our way to Zug, the village and home of the Brown cattle breeders. It is here that a famous general defended Switzerland and became a national hero. Lenny called the Lime Blossom tea that she served us after this famous general.

The motor coach stopped at Rapperswill for a half hour break. We waved goodbye to Paul, trying hard not to think of how much we were going to miss him. Rapperswill is called the City of Roses. It is the home of the circus of Switzerland. We could see the church and castle towers in the distance. After finding a W C in a nearby hotel, we ate delicious French pastry in the hotel tea room. There was a children's zoo near the lake. The next village was Wattwill, the home of Helanca Trico factory, and a convent. We traveled through more beautiful scenery, waterfalls and forrests of pine trees.

In the distance, we could see Vaduz, Liechtenstein. We

traveled through the Feldkirch Village and Schaandwald Village and Langhan and St. Anton before we reached the Austrian border (Osteriech). Tony paid the tax and gave the necessary information for us to travel through Austria. It took him about 30 minutes. Just over the border, we stopped at Wechselstube Oemate and exchanged traveler's checks for schillings. It was like playing Monopoly, 13.9 schillings for \$1.00. Tony said the people in Austria pay for Civil Defense Tunnels and in Germany, the State pays. We saw the Ahlberg Express on its way to Zurich. At 1:55 p.m., the clouds were hanging low on the snow-capped peaks. The waterfalls were breath-taking. We traveled over the Ahlsberg Pass. It is 1800 meters high with more than two feet of snow on the ground, and more fog. About 2:40 p.m., the fog lifted and we saw ski lifts, beautiful Autumn leaves on the trees, more waterfalls and green forrests. We drove through a tunnel five miles long. As we traveled through the village of St. Anton, we noticed the homes were a different style of architecture than the Swiss Chalet. The names of the people were in large printed signs on the homes. The hay fields were fenced in sections and each section had a hay shed. Because of the damp weather, they dried the hay on "T" shaped forms made with sticks. Each village has either a spire or onion-shaped domed church high on a mountain. We have enjoyed music and yodeling all day in the motor coach. At Fern Pass, we traveled through another tunnel onto a hillside village, Ropen, with white houses. We traveled on to Oral Seltz and witnessed a minor car accident, then on to Rietz Telfs, a Ski Resort. At 4:38 p.m., we passed Zirl, then Innsbruck Airport. We had a nice tour of Innsbruck while Tony tried to find the Grauer Baer Hotel. It was 5:30 when we first spied the large building (hotel). We were delighted with the clean and convenient rooms. The beds looked so inviting after our day's journey from Interlaken.

After freshening up, we went down the elevator to a special dining room just off the hotel kitchen, and were served a very

delicious and well-served dinner. The menu was Beef Cutlet with red wine sauce, noodles, peas and carrots and cauliflower, a creme for dessert and a choice of two drinks--Orange or Lemonade. We paid 24 schillings for each drink.

At 8:30 p.m., a man came to the lobby of the hotel to invite us to a special program that had been arranged for previously, for 50 schillings. He led the way to the Hotel Gasthoff Sailor U Rest Stiftskeller Innsbruck, several blocks from our hotel, the Grauer Baer. It was raining and we had to walk very fast to keep up with the "Pied Piper" who was one of the performers. We really didn't know what to expect. We were ushered into a large room with a stage in the left corner of the front wall, with seating arrangements for the audience in front and one side of the stage, with long tables and chairs in the back. While we waited for our escort, we met tourists from California, Illinois, and Michigan.

The programs were printed in French, German, English, and Spanish. Young girls were selling programs and taking orders for drinks. The program started before they could fill all our orders. The program was sponsored by an original Tiroler Ensemble. It was a lively and fast moving program -- folk singing and yodeling and dancing, instrumental numbers, a singing saw, clarinet, xylophone, harp and cow bells. The costumes were very colorful and they were a lively bunch. No one needed hearing aids. For the Grand Finale, one of the girls held a flag and all the people in the audience from that particular country would stand up and join the group singing a song from their country. When the girl waved the United States flag, we stood up and joined the chorus singing, "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy." The whole audience clapped as we sat down. Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, England, Austria, Mexico, Canada and many other countries were represented and honored. It was a good way to end a lively program. The cast members sold records and tapes during intermission and at

the end of the program. By the time we walked back to the Grauer Baer, we were ready for a relaxing bath in the big bath tubs and to rest our weary bodies on thos clean, comfortable beds.

Sunday - October 1, 1978

Sunday morning in Innsbruck Austria. Outside our hotel window, I saw a picturesque sight: a squirrel sitting in a walnut tree. At 8:00 a.m., we were sitting in the dining room enjoying a Continental breakfast with our tour group. We were disappointed to find that some had missed the program last night. Their money had been refunded.

The men again loaded the baggage on the motor coach and we left Innsbruck, a popular resort with approximately 30,000 people. It was raining again this morning. Tony said it was 165 kilometers to Salzburg and would take us about two and a half hours to get there. We crossed the bridge over Innes River. A sign read 146 kilometers to Munich. Every picturesque village along the way is either nestled at the foot of a hill or is situated high on a hill. Each has a spired church and most have a castle. We drove through Schwaz, Angath on the River Ellema, past the Castle Kuffstein, to Intal. Now we were traveling on German soil, beautiful meadows, grazing brown cows, each village with a white church spire towering above the homes. Paved roads leading to prosperous looking homes and barns. The rain clouds hanging low on the mountains pouring out a gentle drizzle, which enhanced the atmosphere. The homes have large overhanging roofs. We traveled on a bridge over a big river, Bad-Reinsdat. Before long, we reached the Austrian border and waited 25 minutes while Tony paid the toll. At 11:55 a.m., we were on our way again, traveling on a two-lane highway with thick bushes and trees on either side. We saw another beautiful castle high on a hill. It would have been great to have had a tour guide who could tell us about the country we were traveling through and point out some of the highlights. At 12:00 noon, we traveled to the famous City of Salzburg, looking for the "Mozart Hotel", our next home away from home. We were welcomed by the proprietor, who spoke English. After the luggage was unloaded, we were assigned rooms and informed there would be a concert tonight at 8:00 p.m.



Neal Kunz made arrangements for those who wanted to attend the Salzburg LDS Branch to hear the rebroadcast of the first session of General Conference at 5:00 p.m. Others made arrangements to go on a tour at the "Sound of Music" set at 2:00 p.m. I wanted to go to all the events, but by the time we had dinner at "PitterKeller" Restaurant; it was too late to do both.

At 4:15 p.m., Tony took us to the Salzburg Branch, in another area of the city, to listen to the Conference broadcast. We met several members of the Branch and Edith Shepard and Karen Kunz had the opportunity to meet and visit with Mia Busche, daughter of President Busche, then President of the Munich Mission; also, missionary, Phil Jewel and Elder Tom Jones from the States.

President Spencer W. Kimball presided and conducted the Conference. The Tabernacle Choir sang "Tis Sweet To Sing the Matchless Love." Invocation was offered by Elder Hanks. N. Elder Tanner was the first speaker. He spoke on "God's Relationship to Man." The Choir sang, "I Believe in Christ." Marvin J. Ashton, second speaker, spoke on "The Harvest Time." Choir and congregation sang, "Redeemer of Israel." Third speaker, Carlos Asay, talked on the "Importance of the Scriptures." Thomas L. Monson, fourth speaker, addressed the subject, "Faith of LDS Youth." The Choir sang, "I Will Greatly Rejoice." The fifth speaker, Mark E. Petersen, talked about "Moroni, the Son of Mormon." Choir sang, "Bless Our Prophet Dear". The benediction was offered by Richard C. Stott. Conference ended at 7:00 p.m. Tony was waiting to take us back to Hotel Mozart. We arrived at the hotel just in time to walk to the Salzburg Palace to hear the concert. This was an unforgettable experience to hear the immortal strains of the great Masters in such historic surroundings, now known all over the world. This concert of Mozart's works was held in the "Marmor Saal" of the Mirabell Palace. It was an outstanding feature of the musical life of Salzburg. In this same room, father Leopold Mozart (1721) gave concerts with young Wolfgang and his sister Nannerl. It was an enjoyable evening.

Monday - October 2, 1978

This morning we were served a Continental breakfast in the Mozart Hotel dining room. On the way to Munich, Kate Buhler told us facts about the real life story of Marie in the "Sound of Music." It was very interesting. While on the "Sound of Music" tour, Dan Kunz met a Rotary Club friend from home, which was a pleasant surprise for him. We arrived at the German border at 8:20 a.m. While we were waiting for Tony to take care of customs, a young lady in uniform entered the bus. She was selling souvenirs--key chains, car stickers, etc. Tony told us that it takes longer to cross borders now because officials are checking for terrorists. Later in the morning, we had another rest stop. At 9:45 a.m., we were back on the motor coach traveling through miles of thick forrests. The road sign to Nuermberg was on the right as we entered Munich. The famous celebration, "Oktoberfest" ended last night. We told Tony we would like to hear the big clock chime at 11:00 a.m. I don't know how he did it, but just as he drove the motor coach into Marienplatz Square in front of the Rathaus, the huge animated Glockenspeil clock in the 266 foot tower went into action--bells chiming, and the large enameled copper figures going through the motions of a miniature Jousting Tournament. It was an exciting sight to see. Tony then drove the motor coach through this medieval City of Munich and we saw many places of interest. We passed the Maxmillianplatz with its beautiful fountain. We saw museums, galleries, statues, cathedrals, old buildings and new, and even a McDonald's hamburger place. We saw the Victualienmarket where the farmers sell their produce. There were many fruit and vegetable stands throughout the City of Munich. The grapes were especially good. The sights of this big city were fascinating, but it looked like a good place to get lost. It was a bit frustrating with so many things to see and not enough time.

Tony parked the motor coach by the Old Armory Museum and we walked to the Dressner Bank to exchange our traveler's checks to German franks. We were asked to show our passports. As we walked

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back to the Rathaus Square, we saw some of the ravishes of World War II. We enjoyed the square with its fountain, the big clock and interesting people. We could have been entertained here all afternoon, but there were other things we had to do in the short time we had. As we met with our group to discuss where to have dinner, a man approached us and advised us to go further out of this area to look for a restaurant with a posted menu and prices. He said that tourists were taken advantage of in this particular area. We thanked him and walked a considerable distance, visiting and window shopping until we found the right place. The "Cafe Horn" was clean and the food was delicious and reasonably priced. On the way back, we found many interesting shops and made some purchases. We were surprised to find a Woolworth Store in Munich. Munich has a population of 1,300,000. We were told that they have 5,000,000 visitors each year. It is the third largest city in Germany. For centuries, it has been a city of Art and Culture. In 1972, the famous Olympic games were held here. On the way back to the motor coach, we stopped at a Bas-kin Robbins Ice Cream Parlor. We couldn't resist that good caramel nut ice cream cone, even though Uncle George had treated us to an ice cream cone not long before. We met several of our group there. Donna Beth Kennett had the experience of meeting two LDS missionaries from her area back home.

It surprised me that everyone found their way back to the motor coach without getting lost. It was Rilma Alleman's birthday today. We sang, "Happy Birthday" to her as we traveled to the city of Rosenheim. We arrived at the Annebella Hotel about 6:30 p.m. It was homey and each room was decorated differently. It was interesting to see the clever and interesting decor. We spent the evening visiting in each other's rooms. Our group practically filled the hotel. Some ate in the dining room and others ate in their rooms, retiring early, as we had walked many miles today.

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Tuesday - October 3, 1978

We had our Continental breakfast at 7:30 a.m. The pleasant, hard-working proprietor took time to wave goodbye to us as we journeyed on our way. We were told that Rosenheim was the City of Roses. It has a population of 50,000. It was raining again this morning. The beautiful clusters of colorful flowers hanging from the window boxes were a cheerful sight this morning as we traveled through the German villages. We passed a U.S. Army Base 55 miles from Munich, the Isar River, a ski lift at Blimbach, a trailor court by a beautiful lake, and the German alps in Bickel and Kochel were some of the interesting sights along the way. It was still raining and we were nearing the famous and beautiful Castle Neuschwanstein. At Weilheim, we saw a Toyota factory. At Füssen Village, Fall had turned the leaves to gold and brown. Tony said the village of Büdingen has a good hockey team.

We could see a glimpse of the Neuschwanstein Castle as the motor coach stopped at the foot of a hill. It was still raining and it looked like a long walk up the hill to see the castle, so we decided to go up in a horse-drawn wagon. The price was five marks each, but we thought it was worth it, thinking all the time it would take us to the top. Well, not so! The carriage stopped two-thirds of the way up, so the driver could hurry back down and pick up more customers. We walked in the rain, but found it was very refreshing and a pleasant experience. As we entered the castle, we had a short wait for the guide. There were two long lines waiting for the tour. One line was for the English speaking people, and the other was for the German speaking people. The Royal Neuschwanstein Castle is beautifully situated high on top of a mountain overlooking the Starnberger Lake and surrounded by other mountains. King Ludwig II, King of Bavaria (1864-1886) built this castle. The guide took us to the Vestibule. It was richly decorated by colorful paintings. The Chandeliers were made of painted wrought iron and along the walls are heavy carved benches of oak, covered by bolsters of impressed hog skin. The

trapezoidal shape of the hall was conditioned by a bend in the ledge of the rock serving as natural foundation of the castle. In the Throne Room, the marble stairs led to where a throne of gold and ivory should have been. This project wasn't completed; because after the King's death, all the work not yet begun was cancelled. There was a beautiful painting of Christ in His Glory with Mary and His favored disciple St. John. In the rear of the room was a painting of St. George fighting the Dragon. This picture shows on the far left the fourth castle the King planned to build, but didn't come to fruition because of his death. The gallery is supported by huge columns. The Chandelier in the shape of the Byzantine Crown was made of gilded brass and holds 96 candles. For cleaning and changing the candles, it is let down by a wench, a 1300 lb. weight. There are more than two million stones symbolizing the life of animals and plants from all over the world in the floor. The ceiling represents the heavens and the floor represents the earth.

The balcony of the Throne Room grants a splendid view over the Bavarian Alps. In the background, the mighty Thannheim Mountains are towering. In front of them are the two lakes, Alpsee, and on the right, Schwansee. The former Schwanstein Castle today is called "Hohenschwangau", where King Ludwig spent seventeen years of his childhood and youth. On September 5, 1869, the foundation stones of today's Neuschwanstein Castle was started. The dining room is situated three stories above the kitchen. Meals came to the dining room by a food lift. The centerpiece of the table is a present by Munich artists to the King. It was designed by Widman and executed by Wollenweber. The sculpture of gilded bronze depicts Siegfried fighting the dragon. The base of this table decoration weighs 275 lbs. and is polished marble of Carrara. The paintings in the room show details of life at the Wartburg Castle about 1202, painted by Pilob of Munich, the well-known artist who worked at this castle.

The lonely King had a predilection for sumptuous bedrooms. The bedroom was built in Neogothic style. Fourteen craftsmen worked four and a half years to complete this room. The wood carvings at the near end of the bed represent the resurrection of Christ, symbolizing the near relation between sleep and death. The head of the bed is a copy of an Icon painted on gilded copper. Wall paintings show details from the saga, "Tristan and Isolde", an opera by Richard Wagner. Curtains and covers are Bavarian blue, the King's favorite color. They are embroidered with the Bavarian Coat of Arms, the Swan and the Whittelsback Lion. The wash stand was furnished with running water supplied by a source emerging about 660 feet above the castle, so that the pressure was sufficient to supply the whole castle, even the upper rooms with water. The balcony window of the bedroom grants a splendid view of the Poellat Gorge with a waterfall about 149 feet high. In the background, there towers the huge mountain Sauling, about 6749 feet above sea level. In the chapel, the richly carved altar dominates. A very precious Crucifix stands at this Altar. Pictures and glass paintings on the window show scenes from the life of Ludwig IX of France, the Saint. King Ludwig II was born in the Castle Nymplrenburg in Munich on the 25th of August 1845. At the age of 19, after the death of his father, King Maxmillian II (1806-1828), Ludwig became King of Bavaria on March 10, 1864. On January 22, 1867, he was engaged to Princess Sophie of Bavaria, a sister of the Austrian Empress, Elizabeth. However, the engagement was broken October 10, 1867. After that, King Ludwig II remained alone until his death. Neuschwanstein was the first castle built by the romantic King. It was here that King Ludwig's tragic fate should reach its climax. On June 11, 1886, a commission sent from Munich declared him unfit to rule and took him to the Castle Berg on the border of Starnsburg Lake, where he drowned in the lake on June 13, 1886, under mysterious circumstances. His life may seem very uncommon, but Ludwig II was and still is the favorite king of the Bavarian

people. (By Verlag Kienberger)

In the dressing room, the paintings on the walls and ceiling are works of Eduard Ille. A beautiful toilet set on a richly carved wash stand; the Kings jewel box stands on a small table; curtains and cushions are of violet silk embroidered in peacock motifs. The paintings above the stove are of Wagner's theme: "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." The upper court and gateway can be viewed from the window. The door between the living room and the dressing room is decorated with iron work, probably the finest in the castle. After passing through an artificial Grotto and winter garden, we entered the living room. It was divided by large columns. The motif of the wall paintings represent Lohengren's arrival at Antwerp, the miracle of the Holy Grail and the Swan corner. The book case doors were decorated with paintings showing scenes from Tales of "Tristan and Isolde", "Percival and Siegfried." A large vase, the shape of a swan, Ludwig's favorite animal, stands on the stove. The candle stick carries 48 candles. The chandeliers are made of colored Bohemian glass. Covers and curtains are light blue silk embroidered with swan motifs. The wrought iron doors are examples of the excellent workmanship of that time period. The study is built in the Romanesque style. All light fixtures are of gilded brass. The paintings serve as themes of Richard Wagner's Operas. Curtains and covers show the Bavarian Coat of Arms in gold and silver. The anti room of the study is much simpler in decor, was intended for the King's Aide. The curtains and coverings are of blue woolen fabric and spun gold. The Aide's room was equipped with an electric calling device. In the Singer's Hall, there is an inscription referring to King Ludwig II, the builder of this castle. It is the only reference to him in the castle. This room was not used during his life. It wasn't used until 1933, Wagner's Fiftieth Anniversary. The angular pinewood ceiling gives the hall very good accoustic qualities.

The kitchen was absolutely modern for that time. There was hot and cold running water, a grill and fully automatic turning spits for game and poultry. Rising hot air in the chimney turned a turbine in a broad tube above the spit, and the movement operated the spit over a gear (an invention by Leonardo Da Vinci). The heat of the big stove escaping from the stove to the chimney at the same time warmed the dishes in a plate warmer, which was installed in the wall beside the baking oven. The smoke of the big stove in the middle of the kitchen was led off under the floor. The water tap of the granite fish tank is the shape of a swan. The kitchen was in operation for two years. The King lived here only six months before his death.

As early as 1884, the Neuschwanstein Castle was centrally heated by warm air from the cellar and the ground floor. Hot air flowed through air shafts to the rooms of the upper stories. The immense volume of firewood was transported to the stoves by means of a lift. The big stoves for heating are in a special room next to the kitchen.

We enjoyed the tour of this magnificent castle. It ended all too quickly. It was raining gently as we walked down the steep trail from the castle. The trail was lined with trees and bushes. The motor coach, with Tony, was awaiting. We left the area about 3:30 p.m. Once again on our way, we saw a street sign with the familiar and well-loved name of "Robert Schmid." Tony got on the wrong road, and for a few minutes we were lost. He turned back to the Robert Schmid road and found the right highway. At Rittenberg, we passed a Kunz Construction truck and employees, and felt right at home. We passed the Village Innenausbas and the Sttattondt Alpsee. The German flags were flying half mast today for the death of the Pope. Soon, we reached the border of Austria. Tony, with a sly smile, told the guards at the border that he had a thousand Kunz's aboard his motor coach. We were now about a hundred kilometers from Vaduz, our destination for tonight. At 5:10 p.m., it was dark and



pouring down rain. We sang as a group and Joni Kennett and her mother, Donna Beth, entertained us by singing "Old Shep." We traveled through Hittsau Interunfall and Zallamt Schaanwald. At 6:30 p.m., we arrived at the border of the tiny Principality of Liechtenstein. It is linked to Switzerland by Postal and Monetary agreements. There were Swiss Guards at the border. Liechtenstein covers an area of 62 square miles. It is the last vestige of the Roman Empire. It is wedged between Switzerland and Austria. It is a constitutional Monarchy with a Parliament of 15 members. It is governed with efficiency that balances the National budget, which hasn't been achieved in other countries. The present Ruler is Prince Franz-Joseph II, acceded in 1938. It is a contented country where the currency is the Swiss frank, but the postage stamps are highly individual. The Rhine River forms the Western border. The mountains surrounding are 8,000 feet high. It is a beautiful place with meadows, woods, good fishing streams, and skiing, as we found out the next morning. Vaduz is the Capital.

We assumed that our reservations at the Vaduzhoff had been made, as it was on our itinerary. As we drove up to the hotel, we noticed there were no lights on inside. As we got closer, we could see it was closed. The windows and doors were boarded up. It was still raining. Tony drove down another street and there was another "Vaduzerhoff" with one small light in a window. No warm welcome awaited us tonight. A woman peeked out the window and the light went out. Uncle George and Neal went in the hotel and made arrangements for us to stay that night. The woman was a tenant and was ready to leave for work, but she took time to find the room keys for us and told us to be sure that the last one in tonight, "locks the door". So, we had the Vaduzerhoff all to ourselves. It was a nice place. Our beds had clean linen, there was an elevator and a stairway, but the place was cold and damp. After checking our rooms and refreshing ourselves, we walked down the road to the nearest restaurant

in the rain. With so many unexpected guests coming for food, we had a long wait and a good visit, which we never tired of. It was so good to have this close association with our loved ones, there was always so much to talk about. As we finished our late snack, we returned to the Vaduzerhoff. We found that in our bathroom was an electric heater, and being cold, we turned it on, and immediately, the lights went out! We all had the same idea, and had blown a fuse. Some brave soul found another fuse and we had lights again. The word was passed along to each one to please leave the electric heaters off. We could see the lighted castle high on a hill from our bedroom window. The Prince and his wife and four children and the Prince's father and mother, the Duke and Duchess Royal, live in the castle. We learned that tourists aren't allowed to visit the castle because the Royal family live there.

Soon, we were warm and comfortable, slumbering under the "feather deca" covers.

Wednesday - October 4, 1978

This was our last day in Europe. We were meeting Paul and Margaret at the Zurich Airport this afternoon. As we gathered downstairs in the dining room, we found the tables set for breakfast. With the help of Uncle George acting as interpreter, two ladies in charge got enough food together to feed us. We didn't mind the wait, as it gave us more time to visit. After the luggage was loaded, Tony drove the motor coach to the Post Office and bank in Vaduz. We mailed post cards and looked at the interesting stamps and selected a few to take home, and walked back to the motor coach in the rain. It has rained every day we have been traveling in Austria, Germany, and Liechtenstein. We left Vaduz about 10:10 a.m., and crossed the Rhine River, drove through Vuchs and across the Liechtenstein border. This Principality is protected by the Swiss Army. As we drove through the Rhine Valley, we saw people harvesting cabbage. Tony told us about some Italian terrorists who were apprehended here. There is a State Fair Alsaften held here each fall. We passed by the Bodensee and drove through Rorchach, the place where Neal Kunz served as Zone Leader on his mission. The freeway to St. Gallen is not completed because the people are opposing it. St. Gallen is a commercial center with a population of about 79,000. We could see that it was one of the liveliest cities in the country. It was named after an Irish Monk in the Sixth Century. It is famous for its textiles. Tony stopped here to take care of some personal business. We were parked close to the St. Gallen Cathedral. We left the motor coach in the rain and took the opportunity to visit this famous Catholic Cathedral. It follows the style of Emotive Baroque, which is characteristic of being extremely dramatic in sculpture and painting. We were struck with awe at the gold decor, statues and brilliant decorated wall paintings and illusionistic ceiling Frescos which seemed to open up the heavens. St. Gallen follows the counter reformation idea of "conversion through splendor"--the return to the Catholic Church

of those who fell away through the Reformation. The magnificence of this Cathedral seemed overwhelming in comparison to the small and simple white walled Reformed Church of Peter Kunz in Erlanbach.

Time is such a precious commodity right now; if only we had more of it in order to visit the Abbey Library filled with treasures of 1600 years. We were told that few libraries in the world have a greater collection of ancient books and manuscripts, some of which are priceless.

We hurried back to the motor coach and were soon traveling to Zurich. We arrived at the Zurich Airport at 12:58 p.m. It was good to meet Paul, Margaret, and the children once again. Freddie Kunz's daughter, Elizabeth, was with them. Paul had a packet of newspapers, notes and records, tapes, etc. for each of us. It was hard to say farewell to this dear family. Our hearts were full of love and gratitude for the part they played in making this the most memorable experience of our lives. Mr. Wicki handed out the plane tickets that would take us to New York. We showed our passports and walked through security without any problems. We boarded the Swiss Air Plane at 3:00 p.m. At 3:35 p.m. the plane lifted and we were on our way to the Geneva Airport. As we arose above the clouds, it was hard to believe that stormy, rainy weather could change so rapidly to blue skies, sunshine and soft fluffy white clouds. The plane landed at Geneva at 3:50 p.m. There was a 45 minute wait. At 4:55 p.m., the plane lifted and we said goodbye to beautiful Switzerland. It is 6,318 miles from Zurich to New York. The voice on the intercom told us that it would take seven hours and forty-five minutes to fly to New York. The weather forecast was good. At 6:20 p.m., we were flying over France and across the South West tip of England, Lancing and Jersey Island, altitude 51,000 feet. A dinner was served. At 7:25 p.m., the movie, "Candle Shoe", was shown to those who were interested. A man with a beard and dressed in native costume entertained our section of the plane by playing the "Concertina." He

was traveling to New York to meet his daughter. One of our group asked him where he had been born, and he answered, "In a hospital."

The announcement over the intercom informed us that our flight would be delayed one hour and forty-five minutes because of weather conditions. As we flew over Hyannis Port, it was reported that the delay time had been shortened and we would arrive in New York at 8:30 p.m., Eastern Standard Time. The ground temperature was 59 degrees. It was 12:10 midnight Swiss time, and 8:30 p.m. New York time as we landed at the Kennedy Airport in New York City. We had no problems going through customs, although we were loaded with bags and packages. We waited outside customs for our group for thirty minutes. Denzil Kunz went back and found that one of Dan Kunz's bags was lost. It was found and we walked out of the airport to a waiting bus that took us to the Howard Johnson Hotel. We arrived at 10:00 p.m., unloaded the baggage, and picked up the key to our rooms. The bed looked so inviting to people with Jet Lag, but we couldn't come to the "Big Apple" without seeing it. In the lobby we met Mont Young and his wife, Zaziety, our relatives who are professional performers in the music world. It was good to see Mont and to meet his beautiful wife. We hired two chauffeurs with two limousines and at 10:30 p.m., ten members of the Tour Group (five in each car) left the hotel to see the "Big Apple". It was exciting. We saw everything--the Statue of Liberty, the three-mile tunnel, Grand Central Park, Madison Square Garden, etc. We kinked our necks looking at the sky scrapers, the New York bright lights and the famous Night Spots. This had been a long day and the night was very short. We arrived back at the hotel in the wee hours of the morning.

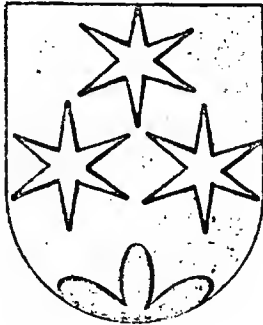
Thursday - October 5, 1978

The hotel desk called at 5:00 a.m. We were at the airport by 7:00 a.m. The Red Caps took care of the luggage, and we boarded the plane. As the plane lifted, we could see the miniature cars and homes fade into the distance. The mountains were aflame with bright fall colors. It was a good feeling to be on our way home with a new appreciation for our ancestors who left their homes and beautiful country to give us the opportunities and freedoms of this great country. The flight attendants served breakfast on the plane. At 10:12 a.m., we landed at the Chicago O'Hare Airport, walked down the long corridor to find the Gate Number. At 11:35 a.m., we boarded a United Plane, a B-727. The temperature was 44 degrees, the sky was clear, but the wind was strong. The flight attendants served lunch, and before we could settle back in our seats, it was 12:30, and we were landing at the Salt Lake Airport. The Kunz Family Tour Group was asked to remain seated as the other passengers left the plane. When it was announced we could go, we walked down the ramp off the plane. There to greet us were TV cameras, newspaper reporters, and a host of family members, relatives, and friends to welcome us home. What a wonderful climax to a most exciting experience!

Kunz

D. ant. 1940

J. R.



Geschmückte Stabellen  
im Kuchan Grinn-  
alp, Dientigen  
Genken 9. II. 1940

## TAGES-BEWILLIGUNG

Nº 3942

Die Weggenossenschaft Oeyen - Tärten - Schwellmfluh - Rinderalp, 3753 Zwischenfluh erteilt hiermit die Bewilligung für die Benützung Ihrer Privatstraße.

für den 25. Sept. 78.  
Herrn Kunz Verwandtschaft aus Bus  
Zürich 459. Auto-Nr.

Diese Karte ist im Wagen an gut sichtbarer Stelle (wie Parkscheibe) anzubringen.

Kunz stellt vom Karre: Ordnung  
Vom 25. 9. 78.

Permit to travel to the Arnold Kunz Dairy

Sign posted on the train reserved for the Kunz Family Tour.

40/II

178

Gruppe  
Kunz



Interlaken, den 2. September 1978

Liebe Verwandte,

Wie viele von Euch bereits wissen, ist vor anderthalb Jahren mein Onkel, George Kunz-Bills, und einige seiner Familienangehörigen aus der schweizerisch-amerikanischen Siedlung BERN (im Bundesstaate Idaho) zu Besuch gekommen. Sie waren sehr tief beeindruckt, besonders als sie im Hotel Hirschen in Oey die Gelegenheit hatten, zweiundfünfzig Personen aus unserer schweizerischen Verwandtschaft kennenzulernen. Onkel George äusserte gleich den Wunsch, wieder einmal mit mehreren amerikanischen Verwandten ins Berner Oberland zu kommen.

Nun steht tatsächlich fest, dass unter der Führung von Onkel George fünfunddreissig Verwandte aus dem von John Kunz-Knutti (1823-1890) und seinen acht Söhnen gegründeten Mormonendorf BERN in ein paar Wochen auf dem Flughafen Kloten eintreffen werden. Während dem zehn-tägigen Aufenthalt im Oberland möchte ich, dass die "Neu-Berner" nicht nur ihre europäische Heimat, sondern auch möglichst viele Personen aus der hiesigen Verwandtschaft kennenlernen. Darum möchten wir Euch bitten, mit uns an dem

#### F A M I L I E N F E S T

teilzunehmen. Es findet am

Samstag, den 23. September 1978 im Berghaus Nüegg im Diemtigtal

statt.

Wir werden uns um 18.00 Uhr treffen, und gleich nachher gemeinsam ein Hamme-Teller zum "Z'Nacht" geniessen. Anschliessend werden wir uns bei einem besonderen Familienprogramm freuen, an dem verschiedene Verwandte aus der amerikanischen sowie aus der schweizerischen Verwandtschaft musikalische Darbietungen vortragen werden. Einige Mitglieder der Trachtengruppe Oey werden den Abend bereichern durch einheimische Volkstänze. Nachher wird das beliebte Jodlerduo Gebrüder W i e d m e r für uns singen und während dem letzten Teil des Abends wird getanzt.

Meldet Euch bitte mit dem untenstehenden Talon oder direkt bei uns per Telefon (036 22 87 27) bis spätestens 20. September an. Da letztes Jahr einige Verwandte wegen Adressenmangel von dem Treffen in Oey nichts wussten, bitten wir Euch, Eure nächste Verwandtschaft und allfällige sonstige Interessierten von diesem Anlass zu informieren. Jeder der die "Neu-Berner" kennenlernen möchte, ist beim Familienfest herzlich willkommen !

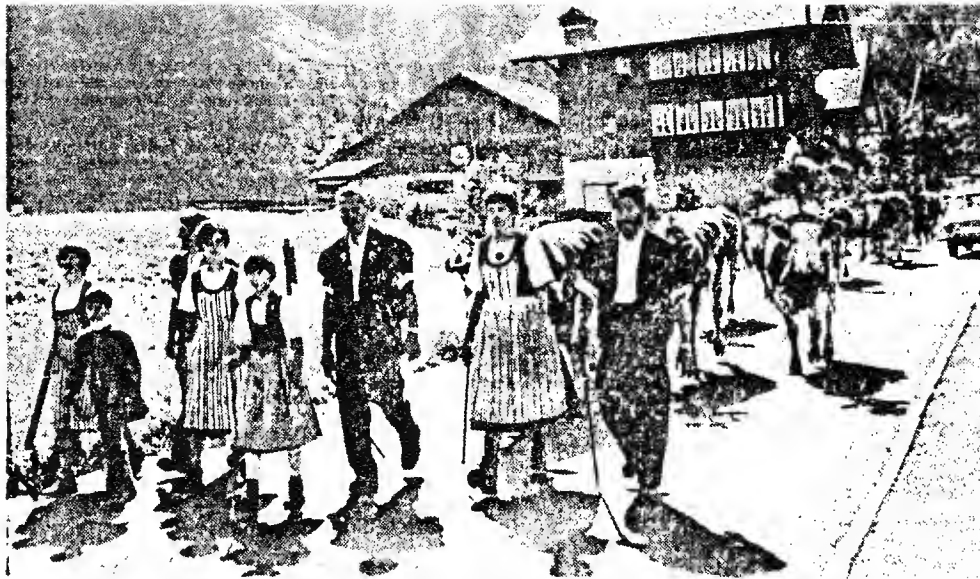
Mit freundlichen Grüssen und uf Wiederluege

Paul und Margaret Nielson-Hill  
Päuli, Johnny, David und Marc

-----  
Hiermit möchte ich \_\_\_\_\_ Plätze für Z'Nachtüsse (Hamme-Teller à sFr 7.50 pro Person, Getränke nicht inbegriffen) bestellen.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Adresse \_\_\_\_\_

Bitte, bis spätestens Mittwoch, den 20. 9., an P.-A. Nielson, Geissgasse 12, 3800 Interlaken senden.



Der farbenprächtige Alpbazug (hier in Oey) lockte viele Schaustatue auf die Strassen.

Zum Beispiel kant. Landwirtschaftsschule Schwand, Münsingen

## Alpbazug — die Krönung der Sömmerung

Wenn die Tage kürzer und die Schatten länger werden, noht für die Sennen auf unseren Alpen auch die Zeit des Alpbazuges. So jedenfalls erging es gestern Dienstag den Aelplern und Melkern der kantonalen Landwirtschaftlichen Schule Schwand in Münsingen. Nach ihrem rund dreimonatigen Aufenthalt auf der Alp Hinterfildrich hoch über dem Diemtigtal zogen sie mit einem Teil ihrer Kühe, Rinder und Kälber zu Tale.

Bildbericht: Jürg Mosimann

Vierzehn Tage später als andere Jahre bezogen am 17. Juni ein Melker der kantonalen Landwirtschaftlichen Schule Schwand und drei junge Gehil-



Ein Prosit auf das Ende der Sömmerung nach der Ankunft in Münsingen.

fen in der neuerstellten Sennhütte auf der Alp Hinterfildrich im Gebiet der Kiley Quartier. «Dieses Jahr hatten wir rund 160 Kühe, Rinder und Kälber zur Sömmerung auf der Alp», sagte Hans-

### Auch im Schwarzenburgerland

Heute Mittwoch werden übrigens auch die Tiere von der Alp «Spittelgaurisch» nach Ueberstorf zurückkehren. Ihr Weg führt über den Sangernboden und auf der neuen Strasse nach Riffenmatt. Von hier geht es über Milken nach Schwarzenburg, wo eine einstündige Fast eingeschaltet wird. Dieser Alpbazug ist einer der wenigen, die noch zu Fuss durchgeführt werden.

ruedi Bigler, Gemeindepräsident von Münsingen und Werkführer der kantonalen Landwirtschaftlichen Schule Schwand, zu den BN. Die drei jungen Gehilfen, die den Melkern auf der Alp tatkräftig zur Seite standen, stammten aus Niedermühlern, Wattenwil, Zürich. Für den jungen Kulturingenieur-Studenten aus der Limmatstadt dürfte diese Sömmerung zu einem unvergesslichen Erlebnis geworden sein. In den rund drei Monaten auf der Alp stellten sie nicht weniger als rund 3800 Kilogramm herrlichen Bergkäse und etwa 400 Kilogramm Butter her. «Beides, Butter und Käse, wird zum grössten Teil in der Käserei in Münsingen zum Verkauf gelangen», sagte Hansruedi Bigler.

### 4-Stunden-Marsch

Gestern Dienstag ging für die Sennen und Tiere auf der Alp Hinterfildrich die Sömmerungszeit zu Ende. Nachdem die

Kühe noch einmal gemolken und gepulzt worden waren, nahm man um 7.15 Uhr den langen Weg ins Tal unter die Füsse. Mit Glockengeläute und blumengeschmückten Köpfen erweckten die Tiere bei ihrem rund vierstündigen Talmarsch die Aufmerksamkeit der Wanderer und Passanten. Auf welche Bewunderung dieser Alpbazug jedes Jahr wieder stösst, liess sich auch am Publikumsaufmarsch in Oey im Diemtigtal erschauen.

### Sogar aus Amerika

Mit Fotoapparaten «bewaffnet» standen hier Einheimische und Touristen an den Strassenrändern. Kaum einer, der sich diesen einmaligen Anblick nicht entgehen lassen wollte. Unter den Zapfgästen befanden sich auch 35 Touristen aus den USA. Diese haben allerdings mit dem Diemtigtal eine sehr enge Beziehung. Uns Jahr 1860 wanderte nämlich ein gewisser Johannes Kunz-Knutti aus Zwischenflüh in die Staaten aus und gründete im Staat Idaho das Dorf Bern. Bei diesen Touristen handelte es sich also keineswegs um gewöhnliche Touristen, sondern um die Nachkommen des ausgewanderten Johannes Kunz-Knutti. Sie scheuten sich nicht, den weiten Weg aus den USA zurückzulegen, eigens um diese Alpbafahrt «live» mitzuerleben. Eine Alpbafahrt, die nach der Ankunft der Tiere auf dem Bahnareal in Münsingen mit einem kleinen Umzug durch das Dorf im Aaretal ihren klingenden Abschluss fand.

Kalenderwettbewerb der Erspar

## Luftbilder stell

Jetzt stehen die Lösungen fest: Mittag-

Translation of an article published in the Berner Nachrichten,  
Wednesday, September 27, 1978, Muensingen (Canton Bern), Switzerland (page 16):

Alpine Procession -- the Crowning Point of  
the Summer Season  
by Juerg Mosimann

For Example, the State Agricultural School Schwand, Muensingen

When the days become shorter and the shadows longer, the time nears for the dairy herdsmen to prepare for their departure from the alps. At least that is how it was yesterday, Tuesday, for the natives of the alps and the dairymen of the State Agricultural School Schwand in Muensingen. After having spent nearly three months on the Hinterfildrich Alp high above the Diemtig Canyon they moved to the valley with most of their cattle.

Fourteen days later than other years the procession, headed by a dairyman and three young helpers from the Cantonal Agricultural School at Schwand, wended its way on June 17th to the recently remodeled dairy on the Interfildrich Alp in the Ailey region. "This year we had about 160 head of cattle for the summer on the alp," said Hansruedi Bigler, mayor of Muensingen and manager of the Agricultural School at Schwand, to the "Bernese Nachrichten." The three young helpers who accompanied the dairyman to the alp and loyally assisted him were natives of Niedermuhlern, Wattenwil and Zurich. For the young student of cultural engineering from the City on the Limmat, the summer experience on the alp was probably an unforgettable one. During the approximate three months on the alp they produced nothing less than 3800 kilograms of delicious mountain cheese and about 400 kilograms of butter. "Both the butter and the cheese, for the most part, will be sold at the cheese-dairy in Muensingen," said Hansruedi Bigler.

4 Hour March

Yesterday, Tuesday, the summer season on the alp came to an end for the dairymen and cattle on the Hinterfildrich Alp. After the cows had been milked and cleaned, the long procession down the canyon started at 7:15 a.m. With their ringing bells and heads decorated with flowers, the animals called attention to themselves throughout the four hour march down the canyon. The admiration that the procession causes each year as it comes down from the alp could be seen in the number of people who gathered in Oey in Diemtig Canyon to witness it.

Even from America

"Armed" with cameras, local residents and tourists lined the streets. No one wanted to miss the almost unique spectacle. Among the fence-side guests were also 35 tourists from the USA. However they have a special relationship to the Diemtig Canyon. About the year 1860 a certain Johannes Kunz-Knutti from Zwischenflueh immigrated to the States and founded the village of Bern in the state of Idaho. Therefore these tourists were by no means normal tourists, but were all descendants of Johannes Kunz-Knutti ! They were not at all bashful to make the long trip from the USA in order to experience the alpine procession "live." The ringing procession finally ended after the cattle arrived at the train station in Muensingen and marched in a small parade through that Aare Valley community.

Caption under the accompanying photograph:

The colorful alpine procession (here in Oey) caught the eyes of many observers on the streets.



Voller Begeisterung liessen die amerikanischen Touristen das als Geschenk erhaltene Buch über den Kanton Bern von Staatsschreiber Dr. Martin Josi (links) signieren. Rechts im Bild Frau Hilda Knutti-Stoor, die sich während ihres Aufenthaltes in der Schweiz über die Geburt eines weiteren Nachkommen erfreuen durfte. (Bild: Andreas Blatter)

Amerikaner aus Bern (USA) im Berner Rathaus empfangen

## Vorfahren stammten aus dem Diemtigtal

Selt neun Tagen reisen 38 amerikanische Touristen, darunter zehn Ehepaare mit ihren Kindern, kreuz und quer durchs Bernbiet. Ihr hauptsächlichstes Interesse galt vor allem dem Diemtigtal. Kein Wunder — ihre Vorfahren stammten schliesslich von hier. Ums Jahr 1860 wanderte nämlich Johannes Kunz-Knutti aus Zwischenföhli im Diemtigtal nach den Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika aus und gründete hier im Bundesstaat Idaho die heute rd. 150 Einwohner zählende «Stadt» Bern (nicht zu verwechseln mit New Bern). Gestern Donnerstag wurden die amerikanischen «Heimweb-Berner» von Staatsschreiber Dr. Martin Josi im Berner Rathaus empfangen.

Von Jürg Mosimann

Die amerikanischen Gäste aus Bern (USA) staunten nicht schlecht, als sie kurz nach ihrem Eintreffen in der Schweiz vor dem Geburtshaus ihres Stadtgründers Johannes Kunz-Knutti im Diemtigtal bestreiten auch deren Nachgewohnt, bevor er nach den Staaten ausgewanderte, erklärten viele von ihnen bewundernd. Wie ihre Vorfahren im Diemtigtal, bestreiten auch deren Nachkommen in Bern (USA) ihren Lebensunterhalt zum grossen Teil noch aus der Landwirtschaft. Einer von ihnen, der seit rund sechs Jahren an der Uni-

versität Bern (Schweiz) die Geschichte der Eidgenossenschaft studiert, hat sich während seines langen Aufenthaltes in der Bundesstadt die Mühe gemacht, in den alten Archiven zu stöbern, und hat dabei manch interessantes Bild- und Schriftmaterial über den einstigen Auswanderer und dessen Nachfahren gesammelt. So staunten diese nicht schlecht, als er ihnen während ihres Ferienaufenthaltes anhand von Bildern zeigen konnte, wer ihre Ur-Ur-Grossväter, -mütter, -tanten oder -onkel gewesen waren. Stolz erzählte den BN auch Frau Hilda Kunz-Stoor aus den USA: «Ich habe zurzeit 183 Verwandte. Dabei sind meine eigenen 13 Kinder inbegriffen.» Hebrigens: Am Montag erhöhte sich diese Zahl auf 184. Eine Verwandte von ihr schenkte nämlich an

diesem Tag in den USA einem gesunden Knaben das Leben.

### «Gipfeltreffen» USA—UdSSR

Zu einem überaus seltenen Gipfeltreffen im Berghaus «Nüegg» hoch über dem Diemtigtal kam es übrigens letzte Woche. Hier trafen sich nämlich die Amerikaner aus Bern (USA) mit dem Nachkommen der Mitte des 18. Jahrhunderts nach der Sowjetunion ausgewanderten Brüder Jakob Kunz-Klossner und David Kunz-Widmer, beides Cousins des nach den USA ausgewanderten Johannes Kunz-Knutti. Morgen Samstag werden die amerikanischen Gäste die Schweiz wieder (flüchtling) Bern (USA) verlassen und, wie sie den BN versicherten, die besten Eindrücke aus dem Kanton Bern in ihre gleichnamige Heimat mitnehmen.

Die Strafanträge im Thuner Tötungsprozess:

## Zwischen 2 und 12 Jahren ins Loch.

Egoismus, Hass und Angst waren nach Staatsanwalt Bernardo Moser die Gründe, warum ein Oberländer Landwirt am 24. März 1877 seinen 73jährigen Vater in Reichenbach im Kanderland getötet hatte. Trotzdem könne der 33jährige Familienvater nicht als Mörder bezeichnet werden und müsse deshalb «nur» der vorsätzlichen Tötung schuldig gesprochen werden. Dafür gehöre ihm eine Strafe von 12 Jahren Zuchthaus. Der Thuner Verteidiger Hans-Peter Schüpbach plädierte gestern Donnerstag vor dem Geschworenengericht auf Totschlag und beantragte für seinen Klienten eine Strafe von 2 Jahren Gefängnis.

b.s. Für den Oberländer Staatsanwalt nicht anders vom Vater lösen können.

Translation of an article published in the Berner Nachrichten,  
Friday, September 29, 1978, Muensingen (Canton Bern), Switzerland (page 48):

Ancestors Came Out of Diemtig Canyon  
by Juerg Mosimann

Americans from Bern (USA) received in Bernese State House

For the last nine days 36 American tourists, including ten couples with their children, have been travelling back and forth throughout the Bernese region. The main focus of their interest has been the Diemtig Canyon. No wonder -- their ancestors came from there. About 1860 Johannes Kunz-Knutti emigrated from Zwischenflueh in Diemtig Canyon and settled in the United States of America where in the state of Idaho he founded the "city" of Bern (not to be confused with New Berne), which today has a population of approximately 150 inhabitants. Yesterday, Thursday, the "nostalgic Bernese" from America were received in the Bernese State House by Dr. Martin Josi, the Chancellor.

The American guests from Bern (USA) were deeply moved shortly after their arrival in Switzerland when they visited the house in which the founder of their home town, Johannes Kunz-Knutti, was born in Diemtig Canyon. "It is very special to see the place where he lived before he immigrated to the States," commented many of the admiring visitors. Just as their ancestors in Diemtig Canyon did, most of the descendants in Bern (USA) make a living through agriculture. One of them who has been studying the history of the Confederation at the University of Bern (Switzerland) has made the effort during his long sojourn in the capital city to search the corners of the old archives and as a result has found much interesting historical material and even photographs concerning the onetime emigrants and their descendants. It therefore came as a surprise to the vacationers that he could show them pictures and point out their great-great-great-grandfathers, grandmothers, aunts or uncles. Mrs. Hilda Kunz-Stoor proudly told the "Berner Nachrichten:" "I presently have 183 members of my immediate family. That includes my own 13 children." However, on Monday this number raised to 184. For on that day a member of her family in the USA gave birth to a healthy boy.

"Summit Meeting" USA - USSR

Furthermore, a rare summit meeting was held in the mountain lodge "Nuegg" high above Diemtig Canyon last week. There the Americans from Bern (USA) met the descendants of Jakob Kunz-Klossner and David Kunz-Wiedmer, brothers who immigrated to the Soviet Union in the mid-18th century, and cousins of Johannes Kunz-Knutti who immigrated to the USA. Tomorrow, Saturday, the American guests will leave Switzerland to return to Bern (USA), and, as they assured the "Berner Nachrichten," they take with them the best impressions from the Canton of Bern to their same-named home.

Caption under the accompanying photograph:

Full of enthusiasm the American tourists had the book about Canton Bern which they received as a gift autographed by Dr. Martin Josi (left), the Chancellor. On the right in the picture, Mrs. Hilda Knutti-Stoor, who during her visit in Switzerland received the news of the birth of another descendant.

Translation of an article published in the Oberlaendisches Volksblatt, Friday/Saturday, September 29/30, 1978, Interlaken, Switzerland (page 4):

#### Swiss - Americans Search for Traces of their Ancestors

In the second half of the last century and even at the beginning of the 20th century, the "Land of Unlimited Possibilities" enticed many Europeans to emigrate. One reason was the shortage of land, particularly in the mountain regions, which caused the inability to sustain the many, often large families who lived there. Another reason was that government officials encouraged unpopular persons who were objectionable for whatever reason to leave the country.

The fact that a Mormon Branch consisting of about twenty persons had established itself in Guendlishwand did not suit the pastor at Gsteig near Interlaken, in which parish Guendlishwand was situated. In fact, he was so upset by their presence that instead of following the instructions of the Gsteig Parish Council and contacting District Commissioner Ritschard in Interlaken, the pastor turned directly to the government authorities in Bern.

The district commissioner, who was then requested by the Bernese officials to make a report concerning the affair, criticized the arbitrary steps taken by the pastor, who had sounded such an alarm in Bern instead of following the normal official procedures in such matters.

Such discrimination against other religious denominations was surely one of the reasons that the members of the Mormon Church turned their backs to their native home in order to seek their fortune or at least eke out an existence in a foreign country or across the sea.

Some of those who were persecuted immigrated to Russia; another group immigrated to their faithful brethren in Salt Lake City and the surrounding area. Even today one finds many Swiss in the state of Idaho who are still loyal to the memories of their native homeland. Among them is the Kunz Family, whose common ancestor emigrated from the Simmental and in whose family the emigrants from Guendlishwand are included.

Thirty-five relatives from the States recently visited the Oberland to retrace the steps of many members of the Kunz family. They visited in Guendlishwand, and they visited in the Simmental where in the Diemtig Canyon they met with Swiss relatives at a family gathering. A total of 170 people participated in the festivities -- 40 Americans, 40 descendants of those who had earlier emigrated to Russia, and 90 Swiss relatives, nearly all of whom met for the very first time. A relative who is studying in Switzerland organized the gathering.

The group has already received attention. An exhibit in Bern was organized in their behalf, and the television will devote a short report to the guests from the USA.

The 35 Swiss-Americans, most of whom are no longer capable of speaking our language, spent their holiday in the Hotel Chalet Swiss in Unterseen. Is it not amusing that the visitors from America who are being excellently taken care of on their excursions by a relative who lives in Switzerland -- for some time now, as a matter of fact, a resident of Interlaken -- and pampered by the owner of the hotel, coincidentally found lodging in the imposing house which at one time was built by none other than District Commissioner Ritschard, the very individual who in his report to the government authorities was so protective of their ancestors?

Tomorrow, Saturday, the guests from the United States will leave our area and after a short visit to Germany return to their home in the "new" land.

The "Volksblatt/Echo" would also like to wish these loyal Swiss-Americans a good trip home and the best wishes in the future.

Tradition states that John kunz III once won a spelling bee in the Bear Lake Valley and expressed his profound embarrassment because of that occasion which had called considerable attention to himself. In that same spirit I submit the results of an interview I had in Spiez on Thursday, October 5, 1978, the day after the family flew to the States. Arnold kunz made the appointment that morning for the interview and Mrs. Maurer expressed to him then and to me in the late afternoon her disappointment at not having been notified about the various high points of the family's visit in the Diemtig Canyon and thereby having missed the opportunity to report on them "live" rather than tardily by proxy.

PAN

T r a n s l a t i o n of an article published in the Berner Oberlaender, Thursday, October 12, 1978, Spiez (Canton Bern), Switzerland (page 3):

#### A B e l l i n R e m e m b r a n c e

35 Americans from Bern (Idaho) visited relatives in Diemtig Canyon

Blood is Thicker than Water

One hundred and eight years ago Johannes Kunz-Knutti, a native of Diemtig Canyon, moved with his wife and eight children across the Great Waters. He settled in the state of Idaho, operated a cheese dairy, and along with the other kunz's who followed him -- mother, sisters, son, daughter-in-law and grandchildren -- founded the village of "Bern," a Mormon settlement consisting of 150 souls. Now one of the great-great-grandsons of Johannes kunz, the original emigrant, lives in Inter-laken, Paul N. His mother was a Kunz, his father, a Dane. Furthermore, after 6½ years in Switzerland, Paul speaks a nearly accent-free Bernese dialect. He is studying at the University of Bern: Swiss History (!), and as the subject of his dissertation he has chosen the "history of Swiss emigration." Thereby the circle which was started in 1870 with the "spring" of the Diemtiger across the ocean is closed in a most meaningful manner.

Paul has built a personal, good contact with his relatives in Diemtig Canyon. Inasmuch as his hobby is family history, he recently made a family tree of the Kunz clan, whose roots are in the Diemtig Canyon and whose branches reach throughout Switzerland and even into far away America. It is hanging in Oey in the "Hirschen," which is also operated by a Kunz.

Uncle George from Idaho

George kunz-Bills came to Switzerland last year with a small group of relatives. The Diemtig Canyon pleased him very much, and he met -- arranged by Paul -- with 32 of his Swiss relatives in Oey. The contact was so pleasant that he decided to return this fall with a larger group. Paul N arranged an interesting program of excursions for his relatives, including a visit to the old home of the father of Johannes Kunz-Knutti, Johannes Kunz-Klossner (1803-1871), in Maenigruod. The very unpretentious and hard-labor filled daily life of the alpine farmer relatives made a tremendous impression upon the thoroughly "technical-ized" Americans. The high point of the encounter between the two groups of relatives was a big

"Family Reunion" in the Nüegg Mountain Lodge,

to which Paul had invited all kunz descendants. The boldest expectations were surpassed: 170 persons met there together; immediately developed a good contact

in spite of the language difficulties; and experienced a pleasant time together with folk songs from Switzerland and the USA, a ham plate and some dancing. Visiting, the exchange of addresses and promises to visit one another all took place there. And everyone present sensed that blood is unquestionably thicker than water.

Another high point was the reception of the group in the Bern State House, where the American friends were presented a valuable book about Cantoo Bern by the State Chancellor.

#### A keepsake from Diemtig Canyon

was something the Swiss relatives wanted to give the Americans. Therefore Arnold kunz, Oey; Fredi Kunz, Muensingen; and August Wiedmer, Ringoldingen, hastily initiated the special casting of a splendid bell at the foundry in Baerai in Emmental, which, hardly cooled, was then presented in behalf of the Swiss relatives to the leader of the group, George Kunz-Bills, at a small ceremony in the "Hirschen" in Oey. Arnold Wiedmer, the civil registrar, and Leli kunz were also present at the ceremony. It is of course no wonder that the American cameras clicked and some furtive tears were wiped away on this occasion.

#### A Story without a Point ?

We believe that it is certainly a true story and indeed a very human one; something positive, as opposed to all the evil one has to read in a newspaper. If there could only be more such. -- It appears that a goodly number of Diemtig Canyon residents are now brushing up on their English, which could be interpreted as being an indication of their travel plans in the coming year.

T.M. (Trudi Maurer)

Caption under the accompanying photograph:

Here is an approximately hundred-year old photograph.

It shows, right, the emigrant, Johannes Kunz, born in 1823 at "Schwand" in Maeniggrund, died 1894 in Bern, Idaho (USA); left, his wife, Rosina kunz nee Knutti, born 1823 at "Untere Schlunegg" in Schwenden in Diemtig Canyon, died 1890 in Bern (Idaho).



## Eine Glocke als Erinnerung

35 Amerikaner aus Bern (Idaho) besuchten Verwandte im Diemtigtal

### Blut ist dicker als Wasser

Vor 108 Jahren zog der Diemtigtaler Johannes Kunz-Knutti mit seiner Frau und 8 Kindern übers Grosse Wasser. Im Staate Idaho liess er sich nieder, betrieb eine Käserei und gründete zusammen mit weiteren nachgereisten «Kunzen» — Mutter, Schwestern, Sohn, Schwiegertochter und Enkeln — die Ortschaft «Bern», eine Mormonensiedlung von 150 Seelen. Heute lebt in Interlaken ein Ur-Urenkel des erstausgewanderten Johannes Kunz, Paul N. Seine Mutter war eine Kunz, sein Vater ein Däne. Paul spricht übrigens, nach 6½ Jahren Schweizeraufenthalt, ein fast akzentfreies Berndeutsch. Er studiert an der Universität Bern — Schweizergeschichte (!), und als Dissertationsthema hat er die «Auswanderungsgeschichte» der Schweizer gewählt. Damit schliesst sich der Kreis, der 1870 mit dem «Sprung» des Diemtigtalers über den Ozean begonnen, auf sinnvolle Weise.

Paul hat persönlich gute Kontakte zu seinen Diemtigtaler Verwandten aufgebaut. Da er als Hobby Familiengeschichte betreibt, hat er vor einiger Zeit einen Stammbaum der Familie Kunz, der seine Wurzeln im Diemtigtal hat und seine Verästelungen in der ganzen Schweiz und im fernen Amerika, aufgezeichnet, der übrigens im «Hirschen» in Oey hängt, der auch von einem Kunz betrieben wird.

### Onkel George aus Idaho

George Kunz-Bills kam letztes Jahr mit einer kleinen Gruppe Verwandter in die Schweiz. Das Diemtigtal gefiel ihm ausgezeichnet, und er traf — durch Vermittlung von Paul — in Oey mit 52 seiner Schweizer Verwandten zusammen, wobei der Kontakt so gut war, dass er beschloss, diesen Herbst mit einer grösseren Gruppe wiederzukehren. Paul N. hatte für seine Verwandten ein interessantes Besichtigungsprogramm zusammengestellt, das u. a. auch in den Mäniggrund ins Stammhaus des Vaters von Johannes Kunz-Knutti, nämlich Johannes Kunz-Klossner (1803 bis 1871) führte. Dabei machten den durchtechnisierten Amerikanern der noch recht bescheidene und handarbeitsreiche Alltag der Bergbauernverwandten ganz gehörig Eindruck. Der Höhepunkt der Begegnung der beiden Verwandtschaftskreise war aber ein grosses

### «Familienfest» im Berghaus Nüegg.

zu dem Paul alle Kunz-Nachfahren eingeladen hatte. Die kühnsten Erwartungen wurden dabei übertroffen: 170 Personen trafen sich da, fanden, allen sprachlichen Schwierigkeiten zum Trotz, sofort einen guten Kontakt und verlebten, bei Volksliedern aus der Schweiz und USA, einem Hammeteller und einem Tänzchen frohe Stunden. Da wurde «brichtet», wurden die Adressen ausgetauscht und versprochen, sich gegenseitig zu besuchen. Und alle spürten, dass Blut eben dicker ist als Wasser.

Ein weiterer Höhepunkt war der Empfang der Gruppe im Berner Rathaus, wo den amerikanischen Freunden durch den Staatsschreiber ein gediegenes Buch über den Kanton Bern überreicht wurde.



Hier eine zirka hundertjährige Foto

Sie zeigt rechts den Auswanderer Johannes Kunz, geb. 1823 im «Schwand», Mäniggrund, gest. 1894 in Bern, Idaho (USA), links seine Ehefrau Rosina Kunz geb. Knutti, geboren 1823 auf der «unteren Schlunegg» in Schwenden, Diemtigtal, gestorben 1890 in Bern (Idaho).

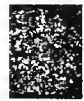
### Ein Andenken ans Diemtigtal

wollten die Schweizer Verwandten ihren Amerikanern mitgeben. So liessen Kunz Arnold, Oey, Kunz Fredi, Münsingen, und Wiedmer August, Ringoldingen, als Initianten im Namen der Schweizer im Eiltempo in Bärau (Emmental) eine prächtige Glocke eigens giessen, die dann, kaum erkaltet, im «Hirschen» Oey in einer kleinen Zeremonie dem Reiseleiter George Kunz-Bills überreicht wurde. Dabei waren auch die Herren Wiedmer Arnold, Zivilstandsbeamter, und Kunz Ueli anwesend. Dass hier die amerikanischen Fotoapparate klickten und ein paar verstohlene Tränen abgewischt wurden, ist kein Wunder.

### Eine Geschichte ohne Pointe?

Wir finden, es ist auf alle Fälle eine wahre Geschichte und dazu eine sehr menschliche; etwas Positives gegenüber allem Schlimmen, das man in einer Zeitung lesen muss. Gäbe es doch mehr solches. — Scheint's beginnen eine ganze Reihe von Diemtigtalern, ihr Englisch «aufzubürsten», was auf Reisepläne im nächsten Jahre schliessen lässt.

T. M.



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# Lifestyle

## The Salt Lake Tribune

Friday Morning, October 6, 1978 Page One



Placards and banners from the stay-at-home Kunzes, greet family members  
who traveled all the way to Bern Switzerland to attend reunion.

# Kunz family goes out of way for reunion

By Carolyn Monson  
Lifestyle Writer

Kunz family members have earned the reputation for going out of their way to make a reunion a successful get-together.

Thirty five Kunzes from Utah and Idaho traveled all the way to Bern, Switzerland, for the event.

As the descendants of John Kunz II deplaned Thursday at Salt Lake International Airport, still more Kunz family was on hand to greet them.

Placards and banners greeted the family members on their return from a 15-day trip to Bern, the ancestral Kunz home.

Waving Swiss flags, carrying souvenirs ranging in size from too big to pocket size, the weary travelers were home to tell of their "summit" meeting with relatives from Russia, Switzerland as well as the U. S.

It was John Kunz II and III who first came to the U. S., in June, 1872, settling in Idaho. The Kunz father and son founded Bern, Idaho, named for their homeland.

With the arrival of the two, cheese making skills, learned in the first Bern, were brought to this area.

## Immigrated to Russia

At about the same time the father and son came to the U.S., two other brothers immigrated to Russia. The Russian Kunzes left Russia forever just prior to the beginning of World War II.

Forty descendants of the Russian family, 90 descendants of the Swiss family that stayed behind when other brothers left their home, and the 35 U. S. family members met at a mountain lodge above Diemtig Canyon near Bern.

It was the Swiss press which dubbed the reunion a summit conference between the USA and the USSR.

June B. Black acted as family historian and record keeper for the big event which took over a year to plan.

Mrs. Black, Murray, said her mother was a Kunz.

George Kunz was tour organizer. He had made the trip to Bern a year before and made the necessary contacts there to assure the reunion possibility.

The U. S. Kunzes toured the home of the family's founding father and all stayed together in a Swiss chalet, once a private home and now a hotel.

Swiss family members presented the U. S. family with a magnificent brass cowbell. George Kunz had the task of hand-carrying the bell with its embroidered yoke.

Mrs. Black said it will be placed in a museum in Bern, Idaho, a Kunz family project for the future.

## Kunz Descendent

Dr. Martin Josefi, chancellor of Bern, and also a Kunz descendant, presented each member of the U. S. family with an illustrated book about Bern.

The 35 U. S. Kunzes had tourist sites practically to themselves.

They were a busload. They took over the entire hotel, and represented a large section of the airplane that carried them all from Chicago.

It was a glorious trip, said Mrs. Black, but the family is ready for a rest.

"We haven't had more than three hours sleep in 48 hours," she said.

But they began with 35 eager Kunz family members and returned with just 34.

One family member couldn't resist staying on — at least a little longer.



# *For some it was a long way to the Kunz family reunion*



## **Pleasant memories**

Donna Kennett of Poul views pictures of Simmenthal cows relative in Switzerland. Covering the table in her home are headed for the high Alps in a book presented her by a the souvenirs and ancestral records she brought with her from a family reunion in Switzerland. (SIP Photo)

By LaRue Cheney

When 150 members of the Kunz family of Switzerland gathered for a reunion this fall, it meant a real adventure for 35 family members. They were the Americans who flew to Switzerland for the event.

Among them was Donna (Kunz) Kennett of Paul and her daughter, Joni Kennett of Salt Lake City. And for Donna it was "full circle" when she arrived in Bern, Switzerland, for she was born in Bern, Idaho, and it was her first visit to native Switzerland which gave her hometown its name.

It seems that Donna's grandparents immigrated to Cache Valley, Utah, with the Mormon pioneers, and because of their skill with dairies and cheese making, they were sent to the Bear River country of Idaho (five miles west of Montpelier) where they established the town of Bern and raised cows, developed the land and made cheese.

After her three-week visit to Switzerland, Donna understands much better her grandfather's pride in his Simmental cows (which were bred and developed by the Kunz family and which are sometimes called Kunz cows) and the family skill with dairies and cheese making.

One day in spring, the Simmentals are draped with flowers about the horns, owners dress in native costume, and lead the gentle herds to the high Alps for summer grazing. In the fall the same ceremony is repeated as the cattle are returned to the lower elevations. And Donna and the Kunz relatives were on hand in 1978 when a cousin brought down the cattle. It was a very colorful and thrilling ceremony.

The big adventure all began when an uncle traveled to Bern, Switzerland, earlier and there met a distant cousin who wanted to meet other family members. George (the uncle) came back home and began to arrange details, and managed to interest 35 family members in saving their money and planning the trip. He was helped by another relative with Murdock Travel Agency, and "this was the year to get it all together."

So on Sept. 20 they all gathered at the Salt Lake Airport and flew to Bern to meet the cousin. There a long list of adventures began.

The cousin has been a genealogist, has been hired to search out family histories, had coats of arms, and lots of records to show. He took them to castles in Switzerland, where he gave the history of each and informed each family of their connections. The entire experience has made family histories "come alive" for Donna, and she hasn't put them away since getting home. She visited the houses where

three of her grandparents were born.

Now the Swiss cousin is attending university in Bern, but he also continues his interest in family histories.

An unforgettable experience was "tea at the upper dairy" while visiting the Alps. The visitors were served mint blossom tea, and the housewife had gone up to the summer home early to make fresh hot bread. There was also paper-thin-sliced cheese to complete the tea.

Another night there was a "huge family home evening" on the shores of Lake Thun, food was roasted sausage and other Swiss foods, and a relative came to play the Alphorn which he had made. These are the long horns that look like a smoking pipe with the bowl resting on the ground. He wore native costume and the mournful sound of the horn on the lakeshore echoing among the high Alps will linger in the visitors' memories for years to come.

The actual family reunion took place at a ski lodge in Nuegg, with 140 Swiss relatives joining the Americans. A Swiss supper consists only of cold

sliced meats and breads. All they had was many varieties of the thin-sliced ham served with breads.

Breakfast consists of hot breads, butter, cheese, and coffee or tea, while the main meal is served at noon. This includes roast pork and chicken, a variety of vegetables, and dessert. They were served fizlarps (that's the way Donna and I spell it), like string beans "only different", and dessert was like a butterscotch sundae "only different."

The Americans hosted the evening meal, then they were presented a large cowbell on a leather strap (which a relative had spent most of the night making) — the size of the bell determines the age of the cow — the bigger the bell the older the cow. This souvenir is now in the possession of Uncle George but it is earmarked for the museum the family hopes to establish in Bern, Idaho.

In Bern the Kunz family visited the state house and archives and were greeted by the Chancellor (like our president), who was also a relative. He

presented each with a beautifully bound and illustrated book on Switzerland.

There were visits to cemeteries, dining out to sample different foods, many shopping trips, and observance of the farming methods. Like many American tourists are discovering these days, the Kunz family found that inflation has made touring extremely expensive.

Being on a budget, Donna was very careful about her souvenir buying, but she did indulge in a bratagely iron (it's like a waffle iron for making thin designed cookies). It cost her almost \$100 American.

Ordering from the menu in one restaurant, Donna stumbled across a dish she really liked — raclette. It consisted of melted cheese (like mozzarella) served on a hot plate and a basket of potatoes boiled in their jackets. These were peeled and sliced into the cheese. "Delicious!"

Several times the visitors ate wienerschnitzel, and they found that

Switzerland." They took their food to a park or onto the bus but did not eat in public.

Most farms are very small acreages and farming is along the very steep mountainsides. Since machinery is so expensive and impossible to use on the steep land anyway, the farming is mostly done by hand. They saw many husbands and wives putting up hay with a sickle. Everything is beautiful and clean, every house is covered with flowers, there are gardens and green everywhere.

Another high adventure was a ride in a cable car to Schilthorn in the Alps. It was cold, and there was snow. The cable line was built by helicopter, and the ride was "almost straight up." Donna admits that she was scared on the ride. They had to make four transfers to reach the top, where they found a revolving round-house restaurant, from which they could see Italy and France.

They rode the mountain railway that took them alongside four famous glaciers — Wetterhorn, Eiger-

Jungfrau and Monch.

There was also time to visit Austria and Munich, then home from Zurich. Joni left the tour in Zurich to stay an extra 10 days to visit the area around Hamburg, Germany, where she was an exchange student on a summer program about four years ago.

There was one night in New York for a taxi tour of famous sites on the return journey, and in Salt Lake City, "stay at home" family members gathered with signs of greeting to welcome the travelers home.

The trip left a warm glow. But everything wasn't warm. "We nearly froze in those hotels," Donna says. There is no heat in the buildings and "oh! it's cold over there." There was no soap and no washcloths in most hotels, so she advises travelers to take those along.

But the little minor inconveniences are all forgotten now as the American relatives bask in memories of one family reunion to end all family reunions.

P. O. Box 96  
Portage, Utah 84331

Dear LaGrand and June:

Hope you found all well at home when you arrived, as I did. It was a joy to get to know such a lovely couple as you and to be with you on our tour. I admired your pleasant, considerate and helpful manner and want you to know how much I appreciated your association. Would love to have you call to see me when you are up this way. I live just two miles west of I-15, Exit 390, just south of the Idaho-Utah line.

In your history of our tour to Switzerland, I'm sure you have included all the details of the events as they occurred from day to day. Therefore, I will only briefly give you my impressions and feelings concerning this marvelous and never to be forgotten experience.

It was so touching to visit those lowly homes in which our grandparents were born and lived; and, especially the one in which our grandfather, John Kunz, III, was taught the Gospel by Elder Karl G. Maeser. If I never had a deep testimony of the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ before, I certainly do now. And, if I was never thankful for my great heritage from my Swiss grandparents, I certainly am now. They surely were the elect of the Lord.

How grateful we should be that among all the thousands of people in their homeland who had the opportunity of hearing the Truth they were among the few who would listen, obtain a testimony and remain faithful to the end of their lives. Had they not been willing to follow the counsel of the Lord's leaders, I fear that I would now be there in that beautiful land cutting the lush grass on those steep hillsides with a little hand scythe, driving the cows up into the high alps; my hands would be rough and calloused as we felt the hands of some of those dear elderly women. Because of the great faith and courage of our grandparents they were willing to leave their beautiful land of Switzerland and give us the blessing of being born in this promised land of America.

Since the day of our Fireside meeting in Thun, I often think of the thoughts expressed by President Percy K. Fetzner of the Swiss Temple when he said that we may realize it was difficult for our grandparents to leave their beautiful land but, as he said, "The qualities of Godliness are exhibited in the lives of people and not in the beauties of God's creations."

Our grandparents exhibited these qualities of Godliness and it is my hope that I can appreciate them and what they have done for me to the extent that I will examine my life, according to the two questions posed to us by President Fetzner, to see what I am "doing" and what I am "going to do" about this great heritage which they have passed on to me.

June, if this is a repetition of what others have given you or if it is not appropriate, just disregard it and do not include it in your account. In any case I will be so happy to get a copy of your history of our tour when it is completed.

With love and best wishes, sincerely,

*Thelma*



From Cecilia D. Rutter, Malad, Idaho

Twenty years ago my husband and I had the opportunity to accompany my son and his wife on a European trip. Because of other commitments our stay in Switzerland was short. I had always had a desire to see the country where my mother's parents spent the early years of their lives, so when the opportunity came this year to again visit Switzerland, I felt it was another dream come true, and it proved to be just that.

Such an opportunity, with a special family member who had lived in Switzerland for a few years, and whose interest in his family, present and in the past, was so great that he had researched carefully all that had happened to them in past years, does not often present itself.

This came true for our group, and as I listened to the history, and the testimony came to us from this young man, I realized, more than ever before, that I had a heritage to be proud of. I shall not forget the feeling that entered my heart as I stood in the small, low ceilinged room of the old, old home where John Kunz I had invited Karl G. Maeser and Willard B. Richards to come and tell his family of this Gospel, which he had embraced. My grandfather, John Kunz III was invited, and came as an unbeliever, but there in that room the words of Karl G. Maeser touched his heart and he, too, believed their message, accepted it and made his commitment to emigrate to America.

As we all stood there and heard the testimony and account of that meeting, by our young relative, it just seemed to me that the people he was talking about were there, surrounding us, to bear testimony that it was all true. If the trip had ended then, it would have been worth the effort, and the cost, but that was not all.

Each day brought some added special experience to help us realize that we came of "goodly parents", who had a strong religious up-bringing, as witnessed by the fact that they were willing to leave a very beautiful country, green pastures and wooded mountains, a way of life that was familiar, to come to a new land, undeveloped at that time and unknown to them, and start again to build homes and family lives.

For what they helped to build for me and for my family, and for the heritage I have from my mother and her parents and grandparents, I do thank them, and am very grateful for the great missionaries who took the message to those high Alps in Switzerland, where they lived.

*Cecilia D. Rutter*



Dear Family Kunz Members,

What a special experience this trip has been, and to become acquainted with each of you. The love and consideration shown each other has been one special highlight in my life, not only to be with each of you but with my six daughters and a special sister. I want George to know how much he gave of himself. A special appreciation to Paul and his family for being the best tour guide anyone could ever have had, and the sacrifice of their time for each of us. I have learned to love each of you and hope someday soon we can all get together and talk and laugh over the experiences and the good times we shared. Maybe we can do it again sometime.

Lots of love to all,

Hilda

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We are at the end of an awe inspiring, beautiful and very humbling tour of the land of our ancestors. After the wonderful experiences we have in the few days with our cousin Paul, I'm sure our testimonies have been strengthened. I am so thankful that Grandpa John Kunz lll embraced the Gospel and that we were able to stand in that little room in his home and feel close to him. I'm thankful he made the sacrifice to come to America so that I might enjoy the freedoms and blessings of this great land.

The friendship and love of our Swiss Relatives made us all radiate with love for them. They are a part of our family. The Reunion was choice. Each time we met them I could hardly believe the love they showed us.

Paul, Margaret and family have given so much. We really appreciate all of them. It was good to have Anna Boss Hart with us. She is a sweet lady. Thanks to Neil and Chris for being spokesman so many times. A special thanks to Uncle George for getting the Tour together. He made us realize that we need to get doing important things. It is great to belong to our great Kunz family. We are special and I hope the family history can be written, a museum started and also have a cemetery we can be proud of. Lets all work together and we can do it.

Fern Galloway

One of the spiritual highlights of my life was being in the home of my Grandfather. My four Grandparents died before I could remember. It was so special, feeling the spirit in that home. I felt for the first time I really knew Grandfather. As we saw each place of birth, the roads they traveled, where they attended church, were christened, etc., the visit to the Dairy, I felt I knew them personally.

It was extra special having Paul, Margaret and the boys with us. It made every experience come alive. Paul has a mission here. He is truly a servant of the Lord.

The country was more beautiful than I had imagined. It was especially nice to get better acquainted with each of you. No amount of money could replace the experience I have had here. Everyone in the Kunz family should take advantage of the opportunity.

Carol K. Howell

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I have never done any genealogy because it never interested me, but seeing the places where my forefathers were born and accepted the Gospel gave me a desire to know more about them and their lives and families and traveling with my relatives was the funnest part of all.

Joni Kennett

Dear Family Members,

If I were a professor in English I'm sure I couldn't choose the right words to explain the experience I have had on this trip to Switzerland, Austria and Germany. It has been a very educational experience in many ways. I express my thanks to Paul and his family. Just as important to me also was the association of the six of us girls with our Mother and Aunt Lillian. I would't trade this experience we've had and the many things we've seen and heard for a million dollars.

I'm certain that Paul's calling is as important and from the most high, just as Brigham Young or Joseph Smith. May he continue to do the good we saw him do. To the relatives and family at home: " There will never be the opportunity to experience what we as a group have had." I am grateful for the love and kindness extended to us and the beauty all around.

Sincerely,

Naomi Hunsaker

P.S. Start planning for next years group -- everyone should have the chance.

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How does one express the feeling we all shared when we visited the beautiful country where our relatives lived. I felt that we were walking on Sacred Ground much of the time. I felt proud to "belong" to such an industrious people. Their country was so clean and beautiful, it is hard to describe. I felt the group we were privileged to go with shared my same feelings. My love goes to Paul, Margaret and the boys, and Uncle George for making this a special experience. I especially loved being able to be with my "Special Little Mother and my Dear Sisters."

Thank you all for your Love and Kindness to me,

LaRue Spencer

Uncle George has done so much for all of us . I thank God for the great missionary program and that Karl G. Maeser sought out our relatives and that our Grandfather said, " Yes." I'll remember always President Percy Fetzner's talk and the questions he asked us.... "What are you doing ? and what are you going to do about the great heritage that is yours?" I Promise to do my best to live a better life and to help anyway I can to improve our Bern Cemetery and show my gratitude to my ancestors.

LaVaun Hansen

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I have been so impressed with my experience in Europe, especially with Switzerland. It is hard to find words to express my feelings. When my Father was on a mission with Uncle John in 1885, He wrote, " As I sat on a hill overlooking the beautiful city of Bern, a feeling of gratitude came over me and I thanked my Heavenly Father for the Gospel and for the testimony which I have of it, and as beautiful as it is in Switzerland I still like America best." That same feeling came over me and my Fathers word express my feelings also. Thanks June.

Love, Kate

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It has been a memorable occasion and I for one will never forget the many and precious memories and the blessings of the Lord to us in answering our prayers and the miracles that occurred. I hope and pray time will not dim or in anyway make us lose the spirit we all felt at different times. I was more than paid for the whole trip by one or two occasions.... Saturday night at the Reunion where great love was shown and we could communicate by hand clasps, what we couldn't say in words. Again Sunday at the Interlaken Branch when one of our family members, Willard Kunz a Patriarch so beautifully and sincerely bore testimony. We were also priveleged to hear the sincere and beautiful testimony of Bishop Neil Kunz of St. Anthony, Idaho. The spirit was so strong it brought tears of joy. That same day at the village of Thun..

This has been a wonderful trip and there is no possible way to relate all the great experiences and feelings we have known. It was not only an historical occasion, but to me a sacred one as well. The "little miracles" which occurred couldn't all have been just a coincidence.

I'm so thankful for our cousin Paul Nielson and the special calling he has as a genealogist. Only now can I appreciate some of the sacrifices Paul, Margaret and their boys are making for our benefit as well as that of our dear ancestors. I'm also thankful for Uncle George and the great amount of time and effort he put forth in making our trip so Special.

Eva Kunz Johnson

P.S. I would be most willing to contribute \$ to get a family history compiled and to beautify our cemetery in Bern.

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My trip to Switzerland has been the fulfillment of the dream of my life. I never expected it to come true. Looking at the ancestral homes by picture only, hasn't been nearly as impressive as seeing them in person. We don't thank God nearly enough for our blessings which are so abundant. Seeing their humble homes, I feel a great warmth and love was always there. What a thrill it was to stand in Grandfather's home and to see a picture of my own father still hanging on the wall.

The country side is so beautiful and green. The yards are well kept with wood stacked neatly by each home. My love and gratitude for my ancestors has increased. Why do we, who have an abundance of luxury complain so, after seeing how others here have to work so hard for an existence. What do our own homes look like? Could we do anything to make them more beautiful?

The warmth and friendliness shown by our Swiss relatives was so impressive. The Reunion was Choice. My Mother has always said, "We have memories so we can have Roses in December." I will treasure these memories always. To have experienced this trip with my wonderful Mother and dear Sisters and other relatives has been so choice. None of it would have been possible without our sweet cousin Paul Nielson, whose wealth of knowledge and genealogy and his ability to explain things in a picturesque way made this trip so exciting. To him and Margaret and family I'll be eternally grateful for their unselfishness in making this trip so wonderful and full of precious memories.

as we listened to the inspired talks of President and Sister Fetzer and to hear the beautiful music by the Swiss Choir, and the reunion of Theda and Chris with the converts. Once again we felt the spirit and there were more tears shed. Again when the elements were controlled and we were permitted to visit the famous Schilthorn against all predictions. It made me think of the miracle at the Hill Cumorah Pageant. Whenever the Pageant was to begin the rain ceased. I was impressed by the good will offering of the beautiful Bell presented to us, especially knowing August and Marie and to have him express himself in our behalf as he did was another highlight. A great blessing to all of us was Paul sharing his knowledge of our progenitors and all the family that made this experience so meaningful. The more I think about it the more I'm overcome and don't know where to stop. There was the association with all you good people. I love you all and may you always remember the precious things we have seen and heard. Let's teach our children and their children the Kunz history, the sacrifices our forebears went through to make life for us free and comfortable and so choice. Let's share our experience with others.

George

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We were certainly thrilled when we were invited to go with the Kunz family to their Reunion in Switzerland. Everyone treated us just like we were one of them. The trip was just wonderful. We got to see so many places and wonderful things. I can't believe Switzerland is so clean, no litter and everything is green and beautiful. When we met the Swiss relatives they seemed so happy to see us. The Reunion Saturday night was wonderful. We have never had such a wonderful time in our lives. Even though we didn't know the language we got along splendid. We know the Lord was with us on this trip. We thank you all and love you,

Les and Rilma Alleman

Interlaken, 1 November 1978

Dear Family,

Our experience together this fall was unquestionably one of the highlights of my European residency. To have been able to share so many things of common interest with so many of my family was a most meaningful privilege and I am grateful to all of you for having enabled me to realize the dream of having a family gathering on Mt. Nüegg. Thank you, too, for your many expressions of kindness to me and my family. We love you and appreciate all you have done for us. Your letters to the Swiss relatives are also deeply appreciated. Several of them have told me about having received mail from you and the faces of those with whom I have personally talked radiated their warmth and affection for all of you.

Yesterday the missionaries telephoned Margaret to extend greetings to our family from Helene and Ernst von Allmen (Helene is Freddy Kunz's sister) in Leissigen. The elders met the von Allmens while tracting and Helene told them all about the reunion on Mt. Nüegg. She also expressed a desire to learn (at least a little) more about the church, accepted a Book of Mormon and made an appointment for the elders to return for a second visit.

I feel certain that without your visit here, those meetings would never have materialized. A few weeks ago the elders also met Esther Stettler Maurer, Heini Maurer's (the alp horn player) wife, while tracting in Unterseen. The Stettlers are devout members of the United Brethren Pentecostal Church-- Esther's 90 year old father, whose wife was a Kunz, is a retired preacher and several of her brothers are presently leaders in the church, one of them in Zurich is in charge of a regular evangelical radio program broadcast throughout Europe -- but she did talk at length with the missionaries, asked if they knew her Mormon relatives and told them that Heini had entertained us at the family home evening at Zener's.

Marie Louise Zenger, the daughter whom you met who had a nervous breakdown in England, has fully regained her strength and good health. She felt that a virtual miracle had been performed in her behalf as a result of the administration of the missionaries in the London Clinic and asked if she could have the elders in Interlaken teach her the Gospel. She was baptized in Thun on October 20th.

Hans Joerg Kunz, Arnold's son, is enjoying his studies and work in Illinois-

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where he arrived just in time to help with the huge corn harvest. Several of you indicated you would like to keep in touch with him during the time he's in the States. His address is: Hans Joerg Kunz % Donald R. Huftalin, McQueen Road, Box 40, Malta, Illinois 60150. Arnold and Leny plan to meet him next summer in the States and thereafter make a visit in Bern (Idaho) and Utah.

On Monday I went to the village of Diemtigen and attended a funeral of Aunt Wilhelmine Wiedmer Weissmueller in the church. She passed away at her home in Entschwil on the 25 October 1978 at the age of 90½ years. She was a sister to Uncle Christian at Farich and aunt Made at the Zwischenfluh post office. Some of you met her sons Christian and Arnold Weismueller, and her daughter Hanns Weismueller Knutti (Werner's wife), at the reunion. After our meeting in Thun, Uncle George and I drove over to Oey and visited Aunt Wilhelmine at the home of her elder daughter, Wilhelmine Weismueller Rohrer, the retired community nurse who was caring for her mother at that time. We had a pleasant visit and although Aunt Wilhelmine was failing in health, she happily reminisced about her youth in Maniggrund as Uncle George recorded it on tape.

On the previous Monday, 23 October 1978, Woldemar Wiedmer, a brother to Arnold (The civil registrar) and Marie, whom many of you met at the reunion, passed away at the age of 80 in Faulensee. He was a former school teacher in Oey and for many years served as a court appointed judge and lawyer to the youth in Niedersimmental District. Unfortunately I could not attend his funeral on Friday inasmuch as I was in Italy as a guest of our Regional Representative whom I was able to assist in obtaining the necessary records to have the Temple Ordinances performed in behalf of Giovanni Pietro Antonio Lebolo (1781 - 1830), the Italian explorer who during his excavations in Egypt secured the mummies in which the manuscripts of the Book of Abraham had been preserved and from whose possession they passed to Michael Chandler, who sold them to the Prophet Joseph.

Ueli Kunz expressed some interest in having the Diemtigen community archives set in order as soon as the school cellar has been sufficiently renovated to prevent water seepage and moisture which has already caused some of the old records to mildew. I volunteered myself and Igor Karlen to do the job.



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Ueli cleared the matter with the town council and has now given us the go-ahead to work with the town clerk in coordinating the project.

The winter semester is now in full swing at the university. In one seminar I will be allowed to pursue the histories of various families native to the Dientig Canyon. In another seminar I will be using the text of Grandpa's mission journal as the basis for a viewpoint of the everyday life of an individual in the 19th century Bern Switzerland. This very morning one of my professors told me of her collaboration with several professors at the University of Zurich in studying immigration of the Swiss to Russia. evidently the most important sources of information are the surviving Russian-Swiss who were born there and can still remember the conditions, people, etc. I believe our "Summit meeting" gave me an important foundation on which I will now be able to build together with Igor in doing historical research concerning this heretofore neglected portion of the history of the Swiss. With these developments I am once again certain that such things are simply not chance nor coincidental.

As a result of the various newspaper articles which appeared in the Swiss press concerning your visit I have been invited to prepare a slide lecture telling how the tour was organized and the details of the various excursions. It is to be presented in January to the Bernese chapter of the Swiss Society for Genealogical Studies. (When I once talked about the Church's granite mountain record vaults to the same group, I received invitations over a period of nearly two years to present that same lecture to most of the other Swiss chapters.) Presumably an opportunity will come later to present the same lecture concerning your visit to Switzerland in Zurich, Basel, St. Gallen and Lucerne. Therefore, I am writing to ask a Bitte of those of you who took slides on the visit here this fall. Would you please be so kind as to go through them and select the good ones, have another slide made from your original and send me the copies? I hate to beg, but if the lecture is to be very successful I will need a couple of shots of most of the various excursions we made together, i.e., to the old homes, the reunion (relatives, folk dancers, dinner, dinner, etc.) The dairies, the presentation of the bell, the exhibit in the cantonal archives, the reception at the State House with Dr. Josi, the Schilthorn, Chillon, (pronounced she-own! remember?) etc., etc., etc. Should more than one of you send a slide of

the church service there. The Werners were thrilled to learn that Glen Don Leak had just been ordained a Bishop.

Well, now I feel almost as if I had picked up the microphone on the bus and started visiting with all of you, been interrupted by Marg or Joni because I was talking too loud, and then continued on about as wordy and noisy as I started. We have many fond memories of our experiences together during your visit.

Love,

Paul and Margaret,

Paul, John, David and Marc

P.S. Remember President Fetzer's questions!

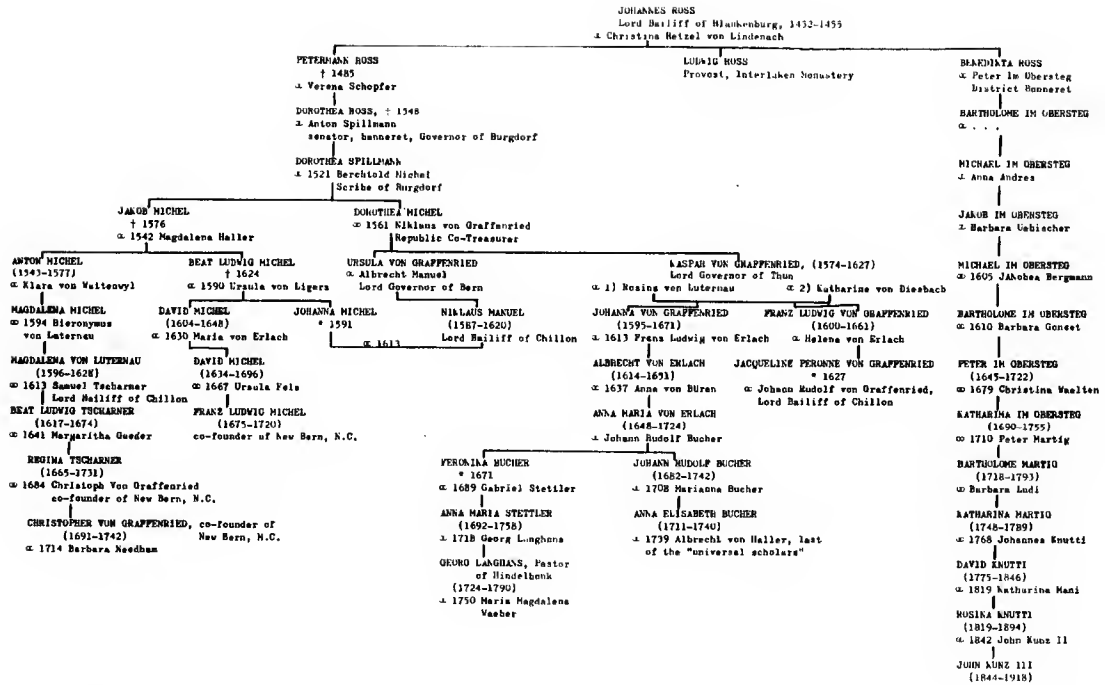
Bern, Idaho November 7, 1978

My Dear Relatives and Fellow Travelers,

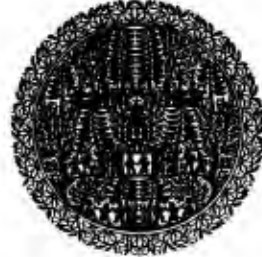
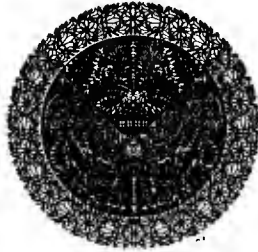
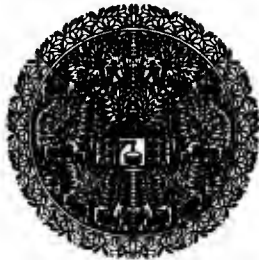
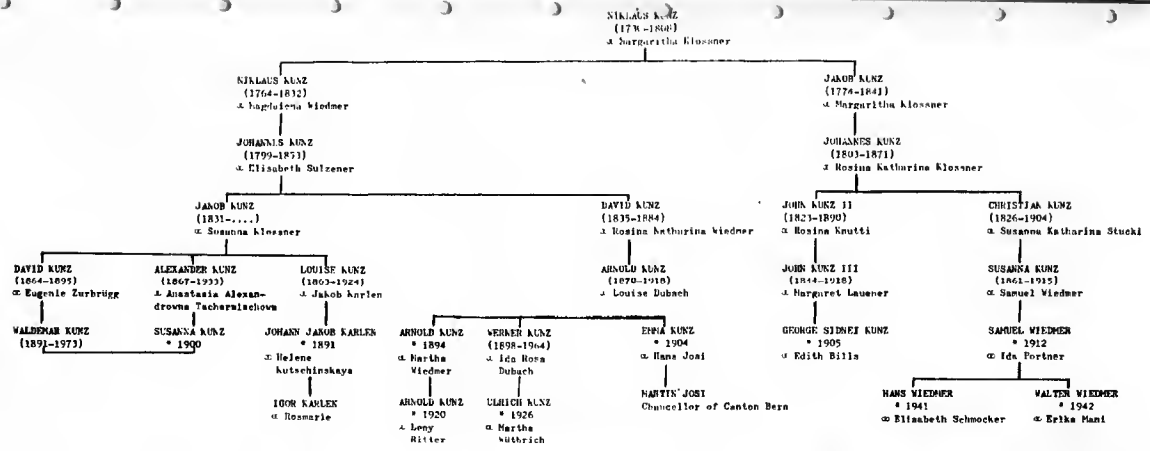
I've had a feeling of great urgency the last few days on a number of issues and it seemed the Lord answered my prayers and others in so many ways. I'm sure there is a purpose or will be, and you and I must follow the promptings of the spirit and seek out the right way to fulfill and receive answers to accomplish the projects we are anxious to come to fulfillment. I realize we must be patient but things are happening so fast, I feel the urgency of time. I felt we should hold our reunion and get together Friday night and Saturday in the Bern Cultural hall, December 1st and 2nd before we receive more winter. We'll exchange ideas and listen to as many tapes as possible, look at all the pictures and formulate plans for next years trip, which is a must. We will also proceed with our desires to have Paul work on the history of the Kunz Family and its many roots and branches that affect all of us, and to inform and stimulate every relative we come in contact with in some way that they too can receive the the feelings of joy, happiness and love we have experienced. Tears have flowed and prayers of thankfulness expressed to our Heavenly Father .... I feel like the admonition in the scriptures " O ye that embark in the service of the Lord, see that ye serve him with all your heart." I know that we have embarked in his service. Just think-- have you ever heard of a family going on a mission unitedly carrying the Gospel to loved ones ? Can you see what is really happening ?

Now let us be positive and not allow Satan to put doubts in our minds and tempt us to feel this work is not important and there is no hurry in our efforts to carry out the Kunz Family Goals. Pray about it and give us your suggestions and help in preparing to carry out these projects. Let's carry the ball over the line and we will reap the rewards of having done our very best.

George



Key: \* born  
+ married  
† died



OUR SWISS RELATIVES

Mr. & Mrs. Arnold Kunz-Ritter  
Wuehre  
CH-3753 Oey-Diemtigen  
Switzerland

Arnold and Leny  
Hansjoerg and Andrea  
and Uncle Arnold

Mr. & Mrs. Ueli Kunz-Wuethrich  
Hotel Hirschen  
CH-3753 Oey-Diemtigen  
Switzerland

Ueli and Martha,  
and Aunt Ida

Mr. & Mrs. August Wiedmer-Buehler  
CH-3762 Ringoldingen bei Erlenbach  
Switzerland

August and Marie

Mr. & Mrs. Fredy Kunz-Wenger  
Schwand  
CH-3549 Eichi bei Trimstein  
Switzerland

Fredy and Martha  
Elisabeth and Ernst,  
Vreni and Fritz,  
Ueli, and Ester

Mrs. Anna Mani  
Untere Blatten/Maeniggrund  
CH-3753 Zwischenflueh  
Switzerland

Mr. & Mrs. Fritz Beetschen  
Schwand/Maeniggrund  
CH-3753 Zwischenflueh  
Switzerland

Fritz and Hanny,  
Vreni

Mrs. Magdalena Wiedmer  
and Familie Wampfler  
Post/Grosshaus  
CH-3753 Zwischenflueh  
Switzerland

Aunt Maedi,  
Klaus and Dory Wampfler,  
Kobi, Annaroesli,  
& Klaus  
Rosalie Wiedmer

Mr. Christian Wiedmer  
Faerich/Maeniggrund  
CH-3753 Zwischenflueh  
Switzerland

The Honorable  
Dr. Martin Josi  
Chancellor of Canton Bern  
Schindelfedlweg  
CH-3752 Wimmis  
Switzerland

Cousin Martin

Mr. & Mrs. Heinrich Maurer  
Stadtfeldstrasse 18  
CH-3800 Unterseen  
Switzerland

Heini was the cousin who  
played the alp horn he  
had made at our family  
home evening. His wife,  
Ester, who is a Kunz,  
couldn't come because of  
recuperating from a car  
accident.

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OUR SWISS RELATIVES AND FRIENDS

Mr. & Mrs. Ernst Zenger-Braun  
Bort  
CH-3801 Habkern  
Switzerland

The Zengers are the family with whom we had our family home evening and who went and got special wood for the fire, prepared the sticks for grilling, etc., etc.

Miss Ruth Braun  
Im Schilf  
Seestrasse  
CH-3800 Unterseen  
Switzerland

She is a sister of Sister Zenger and the one who let us use her house and yard for family home evening.

Miss Erna S. Schmidt  
Hotel Chalet Swiss  
seestrasse 22  
CH-3800 Unterseen  
Switzerland

the owner of the hotel where you stayed.